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The Week

AS though in deference to the traditional spirit of Christmas, reports of reconciliation, peace and good will in Europe have suddenly begun to fill the air. France consents to direct conversations with Germany over the details of the Ruhr occupation, and asks the appointment of a new ambassador for this purpose. America is to be unofficially represented on the expert committees which will investigate the reconstruction of Germany's financial system and ways and means for seizing the alleged German wealth abroad. Germany is expected in January to ask admission to the League of Nations next autumn, which presupposes a secret French promise not to oppose her admission, at least to the Assembly. She is also considering a request that the League shall take over the task of her financial and economic restoration, as has been done for Austria and is about to be done for Hungary. Further and even more surprising indication of an apparently altered spirit is to be found in the suggestion from Paris that the French debt to the United States might be funded if our government would agree to a new interest rate of two percent.

IT is deplorable, especially at the Yuletide season, to be cynical about a change of heart; but we regretfully confess we find it impossible to believe that the French policy has altered in any important particular, or promises any more tangible hope for the peace and happiness of Europe than it has since June, 1919. M. Poincaré at last controls the Ruhr, not only in a military but in an economic sense. At least a year ago he gave up all expectation of any reparations from Germany except such as could be produced in that region by German labor under the threat of French bayonets. The policy of passive resistance has up to now made the experiment as economically unsound as it is abhorrent from the point of view of humanity and justice. With the abandonment of resistance, Poincaré for the first time gets a chance to demonstrate the operation of the plan which is fundamental to his policy: the permanent, complete separation of the Ruhr and the Rhineland from Germany, economically and politically; and the inclusion of Ruhr coal with Lorraine ore as primary factors in the French industrial system.

ONCE the cat has eaten the canary, why shouldn't it smile? Poincaré has now every reason to play a waiting game. The more delay he obtains by temporizing and conciliation, the stronger becomes the position of France and the weaker that of Germany. By his seeming amiability, moreover, he blunts the weapons of his opponents in the coming election. Conversations with the German government can do him no harm, as long as the essential fact of the Ruhr occupation must not even be mentioned. If the Reparation Commission's group of experts, or the League of Nations, or anybody else can devise a scheme by which German finances can be stabilized and her population maintained with the Ruhr entirely shut off, so much the better for France, which may then extract some blood from the rest of the German turnip after all.

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M. POINCARÉ knows, however, if he knows anything at all, that this cannot possibly be done for a Germany with 60,000,000 population. The industrial era of the last seventy-five years has produced in that country a population far larger than can be supported by agricultural activity. In the past, the people have been kept alive by manufacturing goods which were exported in exchange for foodstuffs. For this process the Ruhr is an integral necessity. Without it, at least 20,000,000 Germans must emigrate or starve. The people themselves have no funds with which to finance emigration; neither has the government; and it is difficult to see from what quarter outside aid could be secured for such a process. If the nationalists remain in power in France and continue their present policy, it therefore seems altogether likely that in the fairly near future about one third of the population of Germany must starve, or die of the diseases which prey upon those in the process of starvation. The one element in the situation which French policy seems to overlook is the political reaction from the horror at such a spectacle which would be aroused among the citizens of the neutral countries and Great Britain and America.

A FURTHER reason for Poincaré's momentary mildness, if mildness it be, is to be found in events across the Channel. The Conservatives, the only one of the three parties that could be counted on to swallow anything from France rather than permit the Entente to dissolve, have become a minority. The Liberals and Labor are far apart on domestic questions. No ordinary issue can weld them into a secure coalition. A French policy that would thrust Germany promptly over the verge into revolution and civil war might very easily unite the two parties on what the French would regard as a pro-German policy. There is no doubt that a good majority of the British Parliament think that Poincaré has gone too far. France is not strong enough to bite her thumb at England. It is therefore the part of wisdom to avoid any action that will transform this potential opposition to France into a paramount political issue.

RECENT developments in European politics are of a character to make the French consider soberly the consequences of increasing their moral isolation. As the succession states, the former belligerents and the neutrals gradually recover from the economic and social disabilities of the war, the position of France as a Colossus astride the continent is already beginning to be challenged. The rapprochement between Spain and Italy is a grave obstacle to French ambitions in the Mediterranean and northern Africa. Specifically, it imperils France's line of communication with the Negro colonies and thereby tends to reduce her from her present boasted position as a nation of one hundred million, white and black, to one of forty million, white.

IN the north, the projected alliance between Sweden and Finland is regarded as hostile to French ambitions, and particularly so in view of the warm approval with which it is contemplated by Great Britain. The Little Entente, also, is beginning to show faint signs of a desire to walk by itself. At a meeting in Belgrade on January 12-14, representatives of its members will discuss the whole European situation and, according to Dr. Benes of Czecho-Slovakia, will formulate a general policy toward it. The members of the Little Entente, as the residuary legatees under the Treaty of Versailles, have had, of course, an interest in aiding France to maintain that treaty throughout Europe, quite apart from the other diplomatic ties which the French have forced upon them. If the day arrives when they feel that the treaty settlements from which they benefit no longer need French support, some interesting developments may be forthcoming. Finally, France has not yet succeeded in coming to friendly terms with the Soviet government of Russia. Unless she can do so, all her efforts to maintain Poland may be swept away; in case of a new war a Russo-German alliance would destroy the tottering government of Poland overnight. M. Poincaré may yet be brought to realize that in pursuing the policy of French domination, he has not only inflicted a terrible wrong on the rest of Europe, but on his own country as well.

THE series of efforts by the Marx government to reach an agreement with France, to put Germany's affairs into the hands of the League of Nations, and it is rumored, perhaps to issue a general appeal to the entire civilized world for rescue, are indications of an acute realization of the appalling plight in which that unhappy country now finds itself. The descent of the mark has been temporarily halted by the rentenmark issue, but there is no guarantee that it will not plunge again, the security behind the new currency having already been exhausted. The Berlin government has announced its inability to pay more than half of the salaries due to its own officials in December. Five hundred thousand civil servants, who had, as in the case of Austria, been carried on the payroll as an alternative to giving them unemployment doles, are to be discharged at once. The working day of all government employees is to be increased, and new taxation plans will seek to take some of the wealth of those enriched by the inflation process. In the meantime, Dr. J. A. Morehead, of the American Lutheran National Council adds his voice to those of the Quakers' representa-

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tives, and to Secretary Hoover's, declaring that a food credit of at least $50,000,000 will be needed to carry the population through the winter. Otherwise, fully eight million of the twenty million who are now on the ragged edge, will inevitably die before the winter is over. Germany has formally asked the Reparation Commission to grant priority to a loan for the purpose of establishing food credits abroad, and France must now show whether or not she really intends to refuse permission for this to be done.

THIS request of Germany's is not without its embarrassment for Americans. Like every other people possessed of common sense and humanity, Americans must regard feeding the German people as an obligation on the German government and the world which takes precedence over any other. But if the priority is granted, a great part of the $50,000,000 required will be spent in the United States and contribute to the profits of American agriculture and business. It is a silly accusation that America is humanitarian for the sake of her own pocket, but it is an accusation that is freely made in Europe. In this case we can refute the accusation only by taking such action as will insure us against gaining any net national profit. We cannot fix prices on food exports against a possible rise. But we could vote a sum to be given outright in the form of food, thus reducing the amount of borrowed money that Germany would need.

THE United States government has selected the first two of the three "economic experts" who are to represent us, in the most unofficial possible way, in the inquiries under the Reparations Commission, as to Germany's fiscal system and as to ways and means of confiscating the wealth she is supposed to have concealed abroad. Neither Mr. Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of the General Electric Company, nor General Charles G. Dawes of Chicago, is exactly described by the phrase "economic expert." The former is an attorney and industrial leader, whose high intelligence and broad general experience make him however an excellent choice for this difficult post. General Dawes, attorney and financier, is best known for his work in France, and for his activities as budget director in the Harding administration, where he earned the nickname, "Hell and Maria" Dawes, because of his forceful habit of expression. If an attitude of neutrality as between the parties to the dispute is desirable in a member of the expert committee, General Dawes is open to some criticism as a partisan of France, by whom he has been awarded membership in the Legion of Honor. As recently as November 28, 1922, in a public address he assured the French that the fruits of victory "shall not be lost by the action of the political trimmers of the world," and added that "you need not fear that America or the world, with the knowledge that France has been invaded every fifty years for fifteen hundred years, will regard your claim for the right of self-protection as a demand for empire." This disqualification, if it be one, might be taken more seriously were it not for the certainty in advance that the investigation in which Messrs. Young and Dawes will take part will be permitted to do nothing affecting the fundamental French policy which is the greatest cause of the misery of Europe today.

THE British political situation remains an appalling muddle. Mr. Baldwin has now decided to remain in office until Parliament meets again on January 8, and thereafter until his government is overthrown in the House. This cannot be long delayed, and the Labor party, it seems inevitable, must then take the reins. Its leaders, of course, can only do this with grave misgivings. They are without a majority and will themselves be unable to remain in power unless they consent to patch up some such working agreement with the Liberals as Mr. Lloyd George has invited. The international situation remains so dark that Mr. Macdonald and his followers can hardly hope, thus hampered, to accomplish much in amelioration of unemployment. The Labor party suffers also from an actual dearth of men qualified to fill the numerous important posts in the Cabinet. On the other hand in the eyes of many of the rank and file of the party's membership, and the public generally, failure to take control would seriously impair the party's prestige, despite the fact that no coalition which it could effect with the Liberals would permit any steps toward the capital levy or the nationalization of mines, railways, etc., the two chief planks in Labor's program. What seems most probable and, indeed, almost inevitable, is two interim governments in quick succession, Unionist and Labor, to be followed in the near future by another general election.

THERE is one assertion in the letter of Mr. and John F. Moors published in our last issue entitled "In Defense of Mr. Wilson" which deserves additional comment. He says: "The best jurists in England and America deny" that France is occupying the Ruhr by due process of law. Is this assertion true of American jurists? The only pronouncement that we have read by an American international lawyer on the legality of the French invasion of Germany is that of Mr. George A. Finch in the October issue of the American Journal of International Law. Mr. Finch is the secretary of the Board of Editors of that publication and he affirms the legality of the Ruhr occupation. Of

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all the American jurists such as ex-Justice Clarke, Manley O. Hudson, George W. Wickersham and J. B. Scott, who are most interested in peace and who presumably have investigated the question whether France is invading Germany with or without due process of law, not one has, so far as we know, expressed a public opinion. The natural inference is either that they too affirm the legality of the French occupation or consider it impolitic to denounce an act of France as illegal.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has done an honorable and courageous thing in releasing the thirty-one political prisoners who, to the lasting disgrace of this country, have remained in jail until this time because of the expression of opinion deemed inimical to the conduct of the war. The recommendation of the special committee appointed by President Harding, consisting of Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, Bishop Charles H. Brent and Gen. J. G. Harbord, should have been made, and acted upon, years ago; but since at last it is done, we are glad to accord the President the praise he deserves, and doubly so since we differ with him on so many of his other policies. It may seem incredible that there should still exist any considerable number of Americans who could disapprove this act; but so thoroughly has the hysterical fear of radicalism been worked up among our people by professional agitators, that undoubtedly President Coolidge will incur some animosity because of what he has done. That fact must not be lost sight of in giving him credit for performing this long overdue act of justice.

HIRAM JOHNSON is well justified in his criticism of the Republican National Committee for overriding the orders of the convention of 1920. That convention ordered amelioration of the long-continued disgraceful overrepresentation of the Southern states where the party is largely unreal. Instead, the National Committee has increased the representation of the South. Chairman Adams defends the action on the plea that it is merely in accordance with the principle of one vote to each congressional district, and argues that the South gains only nine delegates while the North under another ruling just introduced, gains 116. The fact remains, however, as Mr. Hull of the Democratic National Committee is prompt to point out, that the South, the Northeast and the border states give the reactionary Republican group a majority of about 140, which of course will next year be used for Coolidge. Indeed, if the border states stand firm, the western progressives might as well stay away from the convention entirely. There is no possible justification for the act of the Republican Committee other than the unabashed determination to gather up all the votes it can for its candidate. Such tactics as these increase the already excellent chances that the Democrats, if they are shrewd enough to choose a liberal platform and candidate next year, will win.

A GROUP of Japanese militarists has been indulging in a pleasant pastime which is well calculated to discourage aid to their government by other powers in the event that another catastrophe like the recent earthquake should visit their country. These gentlemen took advantage of the confusion following the calamity to execute a policy which leaves the best efforts of the American Defense Society and the National Security League simply nowhere. They rounded up as many political radicals as they could lay their hands on, and assassinated a goodly portion of them under conditions of peculiar ferocity. A particularly amiable Captain Amakasu strangled with his own hands Mr. and Mrs. Osugi, while an assistant did the same to their seven year old nephew, born in Portland, Oregon, and registered as an American citizen. In Satama prefecture, nearly a hundred young men and women were killed, according to Japanese newspaper accounts translated in the columns of the Living Age. In another district, fifty-eight individuals were murdered by an hysterical mob. It is reliably reported that a number of foreigners, especially Koreans, were brutally murdered immediately after the disaster. Careless generalizers who have been in the habit of saying that American or French tories are the most stupidly vindictive and cruel in the world, have probably been too hasty: there is also Japan.

IF the fortunes of the graduates of a single college in a single year have any statistical value, scholarship in this country appears to be in a bad way. Statistics of income for 98 men who graduated ten years ago from the University of Michigan show that the Phi Beta Kappas, the honor men of the class, have average incomes of $3,000 while the members of the most select social fraternity have over $10,000; those of the next most select, $8,000; athletes, $6,400; while the average for all, including the due proportion of simon pure dubs, is $5,800. It is explained that the Phi Beta Kappas go in for scholarship and the scholarly professions, which are notoriously underpaid. Two additional explanations occur to us. One is that the socially elect in any college consist largely of the sons of men of wealth and influence. They have therefore a long lead in the race for success. The other explanation is that there may be something wrong with the principles of selection for Phi Beta Kappa. Are students elected to Phi Beta Kappa for originality and independence, or for docility and discipleship? The point deserves serious consideration if the figures for other colleges bear out those of Michigan.

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The Danger of Too Much Coolidge

THE general satisfaction with which the newspapers greeted President Coolidge's message to Congress and the tepid opposition of many of his prominent Democratic opponents throw new light on the dominant state of the mind of the American nation. On the surface the tide of public opinion is running busily in favor of what the late President Harding called normalcy, and what twenty years ago Americans used to call standpattism. President Coolidge loyally reflected and promoted this conservative tendency by delivering to Congress an almost fatuously complacent report on the condition of the country. He did not, it is true, luxuriate, as many Presidents have done, in the rhetoric of patriotic optimism. Mr. Coolidge is commendably reticent even in his enthusiasm. But he made up for lack of expansiveness by imperturbability of conviction. He penned scarcely a phrase which did not imply or convey that the United States was quite the best of countries in almost the best of possible worlds. With a few exceptions the task of good American citizens was to let things alone, or, if they acted at all, to act so as to remove the barriers which impeded the smooth flow of automatic business and traditional politics.

If a Rip Van Winkle after fifty years of slumber had begun his new life by reading the President's message, he would never have suspected the existence of any urgent or puzzling problems and rebellious conditions in contemporary America. He gave no intimation that, as a result of a world war of unprecedented moral and material destructiveness, Europe was plunged in irreconcilable economic and political controversies and was suffering from misunderstandings and hatreds which provoke grave apprehensions for the immediate future of social welfare and order. The keynote of Mr. Coolidge's report on foreign affairs was that "for us peace reigns everywhere." He gave also a wholly insufficient intimation of the serious friction in the operation of the American economic machine. The keynote of his report on domestic affairs was that "aided by the sound principles adopted by the government" the nation is "in the enjoyment of remarkable prosperity" and agriculture is "for the most part successful." He suggested a few reforms which would remove the blemishes on the smooth and comely surface of the national prosperity, but there he stopped. That agriculture might be laboring to keep afloat in spite of very rough weather and that the industry and commerce of the country might be "thriving" in part at the expense of agriculture, as so many western farmers not unreasonably believe, Mr. Coolidge was wholly unaware.

The significant aspect of Mr. Coolidge's complacency is not that a man with his background should believe and express it but that so many newspapers should welcome it with so little compunction. At bottom the majority of Americans are not satisfied with the state of the world and with their own prospect of good living. They are profoundly uneasy and apprehensive. They know in their hearts that the world is out of joint. They feel that unless they do something about it they are threatened with the kind of dislocation in their lives which has already overtaken the Russians and the Germans. In their uncertainty many of them have flirted with the idea of seeking a safe, familiar "do-it-now" American redeemer in Henry Ford. But they cannot make up their minds. They do not know why the world is out of joint and they have no conviction about what should be done about it. They are happy to snatch at any excuse to suppress their apprehensions. They beguile themselves with the hope that a temporary increase in the volume of business and a diminution in taxation will demonstrate the absurdity of their apprehensions.

Particularly illuminating and illusory is the promise of better things which so many people discover in the proposed reduction of the taxation on income and profits. The American commonwealth is lurching and laboring from the effects of an overstimulation of industry as compared with agriculture. The cities as the beneficiaries of the favored industrialism are assiduously sucking population, wealth and power from the rural districts. The farmers have to buy in markets that are controlled in the interest of the producer and to sell in markets not so controlled. The Republican tariff law increased the margin still further in favor of industry and against agriculture. If the tax program of the administration goes through, federal taxes on wealth and profits which are collected chiefly from industry will shrink, while the taxes on consumption and on real estate which are collected from agriculture will remain the same. So the urban and suburban communities which supply the top layer of public opinion hail Mr. Coolidge as a singularly courageous leader and a satisfactory custodian of the national economic welfare.

As a matter of fact the Mellon program, however courageous it may be in challenging congressional opposition, is born of reactionary and ignorant opportunism. The President is taking advantage of a divided, troubled and credulous public state of mind in order to distract it until next November with economic subterfuges. We fully realize that in proposing these subterfuges as an adequate American national and international policy he is doing no violence to his own convictions. His major duty, as he sees it, is to keep public opinion quiet, to dope it with all the soothing syrups of the old fashioned American receipt-book. Believing as he does in the traditional economic and po-

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litical fabric as entirely satisfactory, he regards agitation as dangerous. He sees no need to look ahead and prepare for a different future. Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson during their careers as President cherished visions of a better America. They hoped to use the great prestige of their office to accustom the minds of their fellow countrymen to reforms in American political and economic institutions corresponding to new facts in the processes of business. But Mr. Coolidge has not seen the vision of an America better than the America of which he is President. He has not heard of an America essentially different from the America of 1880. Mr. Harding was conservative enough but, on occasions, his sympathetic disposition could not help yielding to the spirit of his generation. He had his moods in which the world—even the new world—seemed to need revision. Mr. Coolidge reproduces the state of mind of McKinley. He belongs to the tribe of those solemn sedentary statesmen for whom America is a land of realized promise, and for whom serious questions about the destiny of his country are unthinkable. In his world "peace reigns everywhere" except in so far as its reign is interrupted by pesky agitators.

Mr. Coolidge and his kind consider America as an essentially finished product—the adequate incarnation of true economic, political and moral principles. Inasmuch as our predecessors thought out these principles and embodied them in American institutions, there is no public service to be performed by any further inquisition. For Mr. Coolidge's politics consist very largely of "incidents" which, like the League of Nations, he regards as "closed," and which if he can help it, shall not be reopened. That is why he distrusts agitation, and why his major contributions to policy consist of prohibitions and his minor contributions of opportunist expedients. He cannot conceive of intelligence as a leavening and regenerating agency in political and social life. Its duty, as he sees it, is to devise methods, which the conscientious conservative may need in order to administer a preordained and self-satisfied world. There is a passage in his message in which he speaks of the "inescapable personal responsibility for the development of character, of industry, of thrift and of self-control." If there is an equally inescapable responsibility for flexibility of mind, for imaginative sympathy, for the broadening outlook and for the faithful pursuit of new truth, he knows nothing of it.

That a man of Mr. Coolidge's limitations should have assumed the leadership of the Republican party and of the American nation at the present juncture is a real menace. He is almost certain to be nominated as the Republican candidate for President and his election, while improbable, is entirely possible. In that event he will with perfect consistency and good faith try to lead his fellow countrymen down hill and along the line of least resistance towards the irrecoverable Elysium of their pioneer youth, and it will then require costly exertions and possibly serious convulsions before they are ready to resume the arduous climb towards purposive national fulfillment. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson each in a different way taught them to associate American national policy with the attempt to deal by constructive anticipation with the difficulties in their journey. During their leadership the nation safeguarded itself against convulsions by recognizing in some measure the nature of their difficulties and planning to overcome them. But under Mr. Coolidge's leadership there will be no such recognition, no similarly constructive use of the intelligence and no education of public opinion except in the promotion of national complacency and irresponsibility. If his term ends on March 4, 1924, he cannot do any irreparable harm, but if he succeeds himself, the danger becomes serious. It will be a troubled world during those four years. If the American nation has for its leader a man who cultivates an ignorant optimism, who feeds public opinion with opiates and is constitutionally averse to looking ahead, there will be danger of an eruption. For that reason it behooves every American citizen, who is progressive by conviction and hopes to focus the aspiration and the intelligence of the country on the fulfillment of a more humane coöperative way of life, to consider what he can do to defeat Mr. Coolidge for reëlection.

Taxes and Prices

THOSE congressmen were correct who warned Secretary Mellon that any consideration of tax revision would open up the whole subject and lead to extended discussion. His plan was almost immediately subjected to criticism because of his proposal to reduce the maximum surtax rate from fifty percent to twenty-five percent. Until 1922 net incomes in excess of $1,000,000 had paid at the rate of sixty-five percent. Even at $200,000 the rate was sixty percent. This was reduced for the year 1922 to fifty percent on incomes above the latter amount. These rates have been in effect, therefore, only one year. It now seems pretty clear that the surtaxes paid in the last twelve months on account of the incomes of 1922 will approach $500,000,000. This is an increase of twenty-five percent over the taxes paid in the year 1922 on account of income earned in 1921. Our experience under the fifty percent maximum rate has been favorable during the first year of its operation. In 1923, with more active business and larger profits and dividends, the surtaxes collected under the

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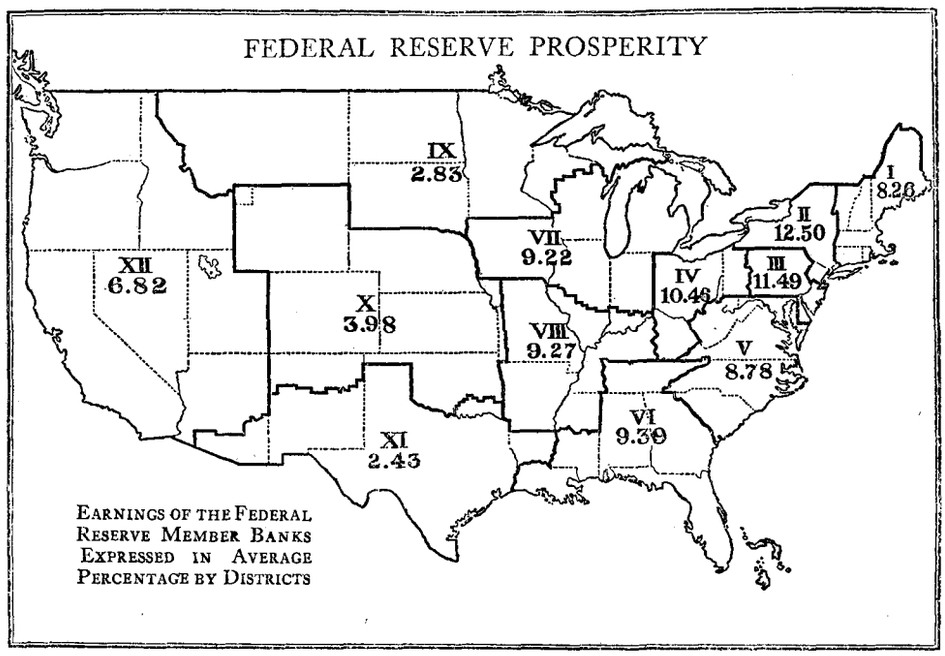
rates now in existence should yield $600,000,000.

With an outlook so favorable, it seems the part of wisdom to leave this rate in effect at least another year. That would give us some positive data as to the manner in which a reduction of rates from sixty-five percent to fifty percent affects the incomes reported for surtaxes. At the present moment the Treasury has no information, and therefore the public can have none, concerning the number of large incomes reported for 1922 under the rates now in existence. In this situation Secretary Mellon will have to make a much stronger case then he has yet succeeded in doing to induce Congress to reduce the maximum rates of surtaxes.



But the proposed reduction of surtaxes is not the only point upon which the Treasury's program will be challenged. The people desire, not merely lower taxes, but a change in the method of raising revenue which shall reduce prices. Secretary Mellon has a naïve notion that all tax reduction will lower prices. "High taxation," he says in his Annual Report, "is borne by the consumer. High taxation means a high price level and high costs of living. A reduction in taxes, therefore, results not only in an immediate saving to the individual or property directly affected, but an ultimate saving to all people in the country."

It is a century-old principle in political economy that not all taxes affect prices in the same manner; and that the reduction of some taxes will lower prices, while others have no effect. It has always been recognized that a tax on incomes, especially on large ones, has no appreciable effect upon prices. The source of revenue which most immediately affects the price level is the tariff. We are collecting this year over $580,000,000 of duties on imported goods. The $150,000,000 of import duties paid on sugar and its manufactures this year has been transferred to the consumer in its entirety, with a liberal increment added. The same is true of most of the $430,000,000 of customs duties which are collected on other commodities.

This failure to reduce the taxes which are shifted entirely to the consumer is the most serious defect of the Mellon proposal. Another report which was issued out of the Treasury Department by the Comptroller of the Currency within a week after Secretary Mellon's annual report will show at once the parts of the country from which the criticism will be most vigorous. The Comptroller sets forth in his report the earnings of national banks for the year ended June 30, 1923. The Federal Reserve Board issues similar figures for the state banks and trust companies which are members of the system. When these figures are combined they show that all the 9,852 member banks of the Federal Reserve system earned on the average 9.57 percent on their $3,609,514,000 of capital and surplus. The earnings varied from 2.43 percent in the Dallas district and 2.83 percent in the Minneapolis district to 11.49 in Philadelphia and 12.50 percent in New York. In the city of Birmingham, Alabama, the national banks earned 23.45 percent. The following table shows these earnings by districts:

Number of District	Federal Reserve City	Percent earnings to capital and surplus
		%
1	Boston	8.26
2	New York	12.50
3	Philadelphia	11.49
4	Cleveland	10.46
5	Richmond	8.78
6	Atlanta	9.39
7	Chicago	9.22
8	St. Louis	9.27
9	Minneapolis	2.83
10	Kansas City	3.98
11	Dallas	2.43
12	San Francisco	6.82

The most striking thing about these earnings is their geographical distribution as shown in the accompanying map. The industrial section of the country, which lies for the most part east of the Mississsippi River, earned on the average 10.62 percent on capital and surplus combined. That broad agricultural region which includes the eighth, ninth, and tenth districts, and extends in a strip 800 miles wide from Canada to Mexico, earned barely over three percent. This is the sec-

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tion of the country most interested in a revision of taxes which will reduce the prices of manufactured and imported goods. It will surely demand such a revision, and will stop at nothing to secure it.

For when one examines the banks of this section in detail, it turns out that their gross earnings were even higher, on the average, than for the remainder of the country. Their net earnings before writing off their losses amounted to over thirteen percent. But they were obliged to write off an amount in losses on loans and investments equal to more than ten percent on their capital and surplus. In the Philadelphia district the gross earnings of the member banks were thirty-six percent on their capital and surplus as against fifty percent in these western districts. Their net earnings before writing off losses were over fourteen percent; while their losses amounted to less than three percent. As a result their net earnings amounted to eleven and one-half percent on their capital and surplus.

This analysis of the earnings of the banks of the different sections of the country shows where relief is needed in the matter of price adjustment. A reduction of surtaxes will relieve the people east of the Mississippi River of several hundred million dollars of tax payments to the federal government. It will do nothing to ameliorate the situation in the west. Surtaxes on large incomes do not form a part of the cost of production. They are paid out of profits after production has been completed, and they are paid primarily by those whose profits have been large. For the most part the incomes on account of which they are paid come from dividends. They are even more remote from costs of production than are taxes upon corporate incomes.

But the tariff enters as a cost into the price of each unit which is imported. Since all the pounds of sugar and all the units of every commodity are sold at the same price, whether they were produced in this country or imported, it raises the price of all the units which are sold. It would not be difficult to select schedules whose reduction would decrease the revenue from customs duties by $300,000,000. Such a reduction would save the consumers several times that amount. This would give the people in the agricultural sections real relief. The reduction of the surtaxes will save them nothing.

Such a reduction in the tariff would help American agriculture in another way. It would undoubtedly encourage imports and by so doing increase the purchasing power of the farmer's foreign customers. There are abundant mouths in Europe hungry for our farm products. But they represent only wants, not demand. To convert them into effective demand, our European customers must be placed in possession of purchasing power. This can be done only by buying their products. The lowering of the tariff wall would help the American consumer to buy them.

Militarism—An "Implacable Necessity?"

MR. EDWARD A. FILENE in a speech he delivered in New York on December 14 suggested an immediate peace policy for the American government which looks in the right direction. He proposed the adhesion by the United States to the World Court and at the same time the issue by act of Congress of a pledge that the United States would declare an embargo against any nation which went to war without first submitting its quarrel to the judgment of the Court. We wish it were possible for pacifist organizations to work in combination on behalf of a proposal of this kind. Doubtless it would reveal upon analysis weaknesses which would need to be carefully considered before its final formulation, but its adoption in some form would increase the reality and momentum of the work for peace in this country. It would concentrate pacifist agitation upon the attempt to persuade Congress to make the substitution of law for war a matter of American national policy. That is the route which American pacifism will in our opinion eventually have to adopt.

Unfortunately Mr. Filene accompanied this proposal with an analysis of the cause of European disorder which went deplorably astray. The point of his analysis was that the European nations are wholly unable to provide security for themselves or for one another and are not properly chargeable with any such responsibility. That is the business of the United States. American withdrawal from Europe provoked the French to behave towards Germany in a way which was certain to instigate future war, but this disastrous conduct Mr. Filene justified by summoning to their assistance a heathen god which he called "implacable necessity." He described the object of the French policy as the destruction of German national unity and the ruin of the German productive machine—in short the political and economic subjugation of Germany. Yet he declares: "If I were a Frenchmen, I should have supported Poincaré's foreign policy."

Considering the source from which it comes, the last sentence is an utterly disheartening and sickening utterance. We can understand that a member of the American Defense Society would, if he were a Frenchman, not only support M. Poincaré, but criticize him for excessive moderation. American militarists believe, as the Germans did before the war and as the French do now, that the way to attain security is to become callous of, and dangerous to, the welfare of other nations. We can understand also how an ordinary American citizen who is deceived by the newspapers into accepting the official explanation of French conduct might

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have a general sympathy with what he takes to be the attempt of France to force a reluctant debtor to pay. But that a man who himself is agitating on behalf of peace and who understands that the French intend, if they can, to disintegrate and ruin Germany should announce even a conditional moral approval of what M. Poincaré is doing is to our mind both incomprehensible and monstrous. If he means what he says, there is only one sufficient explanation of Mr. Filene's utterance. He is unfaithful to his own professed convictions.

Consider the implications of Mr. Filene's apology for M. Poincaré. It must mean approval under the circumstances of the French policy both in its methods and objects. In Mr. Filene's opinion M. Poincaré will actually succeed in obtaining security for France by depriving Germans of liberty and of the chance to pursue happiness, and in any event France is morally justified in waging a war of extermination on the Germans if by so doing she can make it impossible for them ever to wage a successful war upon her. One would have expected an advocate of peace like Mr. Filene to repudiate such doctrine as the pure milk of militarism. The Bernhardis and the Ludendorffs are right and peace is a chimera if it is possible and justifiable for one nation to ruin the life of a helpless neighbor in the interest of its own security. The sincere pacifist *must* believe that in the long run the security of France will depend not upon the ruin and disintegration of Germany or upon Anglo-American protection but upon the willingness of the French during their period of domination to give confidence and guarantee security to Germany. Considering the suffering and damage which Germany inflicted on the French during the war, they were justified in disarming Germany and in asking the assistance of other nations in keeping her disarmed. But just because she was disarmed she should have been treated with scrupulous forbearance and justice. That was the way to appease Europe and to banish from the German mind the conviction that the German army was the only sufficient bulwark of German safety.

Nations which happen to possess some temporary military superiority, as Germany formerly did and as France does now, always like to justify the abuse of their power by alleging the existence of some "implacable necessity" which prohibits them from treating their weaker neighbors as they themselves would like to be treated. But these manufactured necessities are merely rationalizations of profitable violence. They are excuses for violating the ordinary moral responsibility to deal with other human beings as if their personalities were as valuable as your own. It is those violations which breed future wars, and so long as they occur, wars and the psychology and ethics of war will continue unabated. The intervention of other more disinterested nations will involve the outsiders in the wars but will be powerless to bring about peace. The United States cannot contribute to the appeasement of Europe until European nations abandon the kind of conduct towards one another, of which the occupation of the Ruhr is a malignant example, which threatens one another's safety. Whenever the powerful are willing to deny themselves the luxury of egotistic violence, Europe can attain to something like peace no matter whether America joins it or not. The tendency of Mr. Filene's arguments justifies American intervention in Europe, not as a means of coöperating with a movement in Europe towards peace but as a compensation for the absence of such movement.

Mr. Filene's utterance is a vivid illustration of the major reason for the failure up to date of agitations for peace. Militarists like Ludendorff and Poincaré who insist upon the continued desirability of accomplishing national political objects by means of war believe much more resolutely and definitely in their militarism than the pacifists do in their pacifism. The former are willing to pay the price for war. The latter are not willing to pay the price for peace when the price which circumstances demand is a firm affirmation of the interdependence between peace and justice. They would not pay it in Paris when they endorsed a Treaty which rivalled the partition of Poland in writing injustice into European public law. They will not pay it now when they apologize for France or fail to explain to their fellow-countrymen that M. Poincaré is now actually waging war against Germany. They talk about saving Europe by American "moral leadership," and then show themselves perfectly willing to deny the moral values which might give impulse to such leadership as soon as Frenchmen assert the existence of an "implacable necessity" on their part to subjugate Germany. The manifest result of renewed intervention under the influence of such ideas would be an arrangement for "peace" which would make the United States the legal accomplice of French domination in Europe.

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Does the Senate Fear the K. K. K.?

SHORTLY after members of Congress began to assemble for the winter there occurred in the office of the correspondent of a great Middle West paper a session of the game known as poker. Sitting in was a member of the House from the Middle West whose name has been attached to some important legislative proposals.

The correspondent, his face all innocence, turned to an unofficial western politician and asked if he had heard the story that was to be "broken" the following Sunday. Without waiting for an answer, the correspondent explained that the important member of the House then at the table was to introduce a resolution for congressional investigation of the Ku Klux Klan. Thereupon the member, a large, juicy gentleman much given to badinage, dropped his cards and made earnest remonstrance.

"That," said he to the correspondent, "is nothing to joke about, not even in whispers. That stuff runs like quicksilver. You can't tell when somebody is going to pick up a word, and where it will end. There are thousands of those fellows in my district. But I don't know they are there. Nobody will be able to prove to me they are there. And if I don't know they are in my district, I am not called upon to express an opinion about them. That's what I am doing. That is the only thing to do. And don't you risk queering my game by any such jokes."

The policy of that member in dealing with the Klan issue may be individual; the mental attitude is that of scores upon scores of members of both Senate and House. Because of that, it will be extremely interesting during the next few months to observe the course of the Senate in the question of refusing or permitting Earle B. Mayfield of Texas the retention of the seat to which he was returned elected in November, 1922, and for which he took the oath of office when Congress met.

It should be recalled that two Democratic primaries for senator were held in Texas in 1922. In the initial primary, there were several candidates believed to be Klansmen, but Mr. Mayfield was popularly supposed to be the Klan favorite. No choice being made in that primary, a run-off was held one month later, in August. It is accepted that Mr. Mayfield was the Klan favorite in that contest. He was nominated over James E. Ferguson, impeached as governor a year or two previously. Subsequently, a Texas court forbade printing Mr. Mayfield's name on the general election ballot as the Democratic candidate. Information in Washington is that the court was satisfied, after hearing lengthy evidence, that Mr. Mayfield and his friends spent far more than the $10,000 allowed a senatorial candidate under the Texas law. There is dispute whether the injunction against printing Mr. Mayfield's name on the ballot was lifted. Enemies of Mr. Mayfield say it was not; others say it was. In any event, adherents could write his name on the ballot in a space provided. Meantime, the Texas Republicans in convention nominated Dr. E. P. Wilmot. Anti-Klan Democrats opened negotiations with them, and Dr. Wilmot was withdrawn, and George E. B. Peddy, a Democrat, was substituted as the Republican and Independent Democratic candidate. He, too, was ruled off the ballot, it being held that nomination for senator by convention was invalid, and that the law required direct primary nomination. Of course, his adherents could write in his name too. The election was held in due course and Mr. Mayfield was returned as having 264,260 votes and Mr. Peddy 130,744.

Now Mr. Mayfield may be as clearly entitled to his seat from Texas as ever Daniel Webster was to his from Massachusetts for aught that I know or aught that most others in Washington really know. He is a man of quiet demeanor, conveying no suggestion of sinister qualities. It may be entirely true, as some of his friends say, that he has been made to suffer in personal attacks and in attacks on the honesty of his election by anti-Klan sentiment run mad. But there are two facts that make his case particularly worthy of the spectator's notice in this session. The first is that charges of fraud and corruption have been filed against his election that are so amazing in extent and character that they cannot properly be ignored, whether or not they are true; and the second is that Washington hears persistent reports that there will be determined efforts, put forth through subterranean channels, either to have the charges ignored or to have consideration postponed until after the presidential election.

As to the charges: On file in the office of the Secretary of the Senate is a bulky protest made on behalf of Mr. Peddy, which sets forth that in ten counties the returns were not canvassed or accounted for; that in nearly 200 counties ballots were used on which Mr. Mayfield's name appeared fraudulently; that in eleven counties election officials or others wrote Mr. Mayfield's name on the ballots with pens, pencils or typewriters or pasted his name on; that unofficial ballots bearing Mr. Mayfield's name were substituted in many places for official ballots on which his name did not appear; that ballots were transported by unofficial persons; and that ballots were not properly protected or accounted for. In sum, it is charged that 200,000 of the 264,260 ballots returned for Mr. Mayfield were fraudulent ballots.

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That is a very brief summary of the salient charges against Mr. Mayfield in the general election. It does not take into consideration charges of wholesale miscounting of ballots. Nor does it take into consideration criticisms of the activity of the Klan as an organization, which are set forth with the extreme bitterness that seems inseparable from all controversies over the Klan. In addition to the general election charges, the Peddy protest alleges that Mr. Mayfield and his friends spent in the first primary over $100,000 and in the second over $150,000, the legal total for both being, under the Texas laws, $10,000. It is stated that these primary election violations are shown in part by statements filed by Mr. Mayfield himself and by his friends, D. E. Lyday and Ben C. Richards, Jr.

Certainly this summary of the charges sustains the statement made above that they cannot properly be ignored, whether or not they are true. The primary election charges, alone, demand the serious attention of a Senate that lately forced Truman H. Newberry to resign, mainly because of primary election expenditures.

Now, as to the attitude of the Senate: There is a story that some of the southern Democrats have evolved strategy that is designed to cool the ardor of Senator Lodge for an investigation by pressing the protests that have been filed against the Senator's own title to a seat. These senators have no idea of unseating the elder statesman from Massachusetts. Their thought is to talk so often and ardently on the subject of the charges and of the scant plurality given Senator Lodge that his sensitive soul will revolt at the very word "investigation." But that story is more amusing than important. It is hardly likely Senator Lodge would back down under such pressure. If he did there would be others in the Senate—a Catholic or two, or the senators from the great Northeastern States—who could be expected to take up the issue.

The important story, or stories, have to do with the attitude of various Republican senators from the West, and with the possibility—not the fact, as matters now stand—that they will dampen any Mayfield investigation because of fear of the Klan at home, particularly with the presidential and congressional primaries and election just ahead. The Capitol hums with stories of the difficulty some of the senators are in.

What is Senator Watson of Indiana going to do? The stories have it that he was deeply interested in the Mayfield case a year ago when the Republican leaders were seeking reprisal upon the Democrats for the Newberry ousting. But the stories also have it that there are now 700,000 Klansmen in Indiana and that they are on the aggressive. What are Senators Willis and Fess of Ohio going to do? The stories have it that the Klan won important Ohio city elections in November and that Fred Kohler, Roosevelt's "best police chief," is going from the mayoralty of Cleveland to candidacy for governor with the Klan backing. What is Senator McCormick of Illinois going to do? The stories have it that he is already embarrassed politically by observations on the Klan made months ago. What is Senator McNary of Oregon going to do? The stories have it that the Klan is running over the upper Pacific coast like wildfire.

Considered in the light of the ugly Peddy charges against Mr. Mayfield and of the congressional habit of mind revealed by our poker playing House member who absolutely knows and absolutely does not know there are Klansmen in his district—considered in those lights, the problems of the senators mentioned and of several others will be interesting to observe in the process of solution. So will be the problem of the Catholic-Jewish Democracy of the North and the Protestant Democracy of the South, if there is a real Mayfield investigation.

JOHN W. OWENS.

Two Sonnets

I

Karma

Christmas was in the air and all was well
With him, but for a few confusing flaws
In divers of God's images. Because
A friend of his would neither buy nor sell,
Was he to answer for the axe that fell?
He pondered; and the reason for it was,
Partly, a slowly freezing Santa Claus
Upon the corner, with his beard and bell.

Acknowledging an improvident surprise,
He magnified a fancy that he wished
The friend whom he had wrecked were here again.
Not sure of that, he found a compromise;
And from the fulness of his heart he fished
A dime for Jesus who had died for men.

II

Maya

Through an ascending emptiness of night,
Leaving the flesh and the complacent mind
Together in their sufficiency behind,
The soul of man went up to a far height;
And where those others would have had no sight
Or sense of else than terror for the blind,
Soul met the Will, and was again consigned
To the supreme illusion which is right.

"And what goes on up there," the Mind inquired,
"That I know not already to be true?"—
"More than enough, but not enough for you,"
Said the descending Soul: "Here in the dark,
Where you are least revealed when most admired,
You may still be the bellows and the spark."

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

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The Sad Story of Dr. Colbatch

THE Rev. Dr. Colbatch could not put up with it any more. Animated by the highest motives, he felt that he must intervene. The task was arduous, odious, dangerous; his antagonist most redoubtable; but Dr. Colbatch was a Doctor of Divinity, Professor of Casuistry in the University of Cambridge, a Senior Fellow of Trinity College, and his duty was plain; the conduct of the Master could be tolerated no longer; Dr. Bentley must go.

In the early years of the eighteenth century the life of learning was agitated, violent and full of extremes. Everything about it was on the grand scale. Erudition was gigantic, controversies were frenzied, careers were punctuated by brutal triumphs, wild temerities, and dreadful mortifications. One sat, bent nearly double, surrounded by four circles of folios, living to edit Hesychius and confound Dr. Hody, and dying at last with a stomach half-full of sand. The very names of the scholars of those days had something about them at once terrifying and preposterous: there was Graevius, there was Wolfius, there was Cruquius; there were Torrentius and Rutgersius; there was the gloomy Baron de Stosch, and there was the deplorable De Pauw. But Richard Bentley was greater than all these. Combining extraordinary knowledge and almost infinite memory with an acumen hardly to be distinguished from inspiration, and a command of logical precision which might have been envied by mathematicians or generals in the field, he revivified with his daemonic energy the whole domain of classical scholarship. The peer of the mightiest of his predecessors—of Scaliger, of Casaubon—turning, in skilful strength, the magic glass of science, he brought into focus the world's comprehension of ancient literature with a luminous exactitude of which they had never dreamed. His prowess had first declared itself in his Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris, in which he had obliterated under cartloads of erudition and ridicule the miserable Mr. Boyle. He had been rewarded, in the year 1700, when he was not yet forty, with the Mastership of Trinity; and then another side of his genius had appeared. It became evident that he was not merely a scholar, that he was a man of action and affairs, and that he intended to dominate over the magnificent foundation of Trinity with a command as absolute as that which he exercised over questions in Greek grammar. He had immediately gathered into his own hands the entire control of the College; he had manipulated the statutes, rearranged the finances, packed the Council; he had compelled the Society to rebuild and redecorate, at great expense, his own Lodge; he had brought every kind of appointment—scholarships, fellowships, livings—to depend simply upon his will. The Fellows murmured and protested in vain; their terrible tyrant treated them with scant ceremony. "You will die in your shoes!" he had shouted at one tottering Senior who had ventured to oppose him; and another fat and angry old gentleman he had named The College Dog. In fact, he treated his opponents as if they had been corrupt readings in an old manuscript. At last there was open war. The leading Fellows had appealed to the Visitor of the College, the Bishop of Ely, to remove the Master; and the Master had replied by denying the Bishop's competence and declaring that the visitatorial power lay with the Crown. His subtle mind had detected an ambiguity in the Charter; the legal position was, indeed, highly dubious; and for five years, amid indescribable animosities, he was able to hold his enemies at bay. In the meantime, he had not been idle in other directions: he had annihilated Le Clerc, who, ignorant of Greek, was rash enough to publish a Menander; he had produced a monumental edition of Horace; and he had pulverized freethinking in the person of Anthony Collins. But his foes had pressed upon him; and eventually it had seemed that his hour was come. In 1714 he had been forced to appear before the Bishop's court; his defence had been weak; the Bishop had drawn up a judgment of deprivation. Then there had been a coup de théâtre. The Bishop had suddenly died before delivering judgment. All the previous proceedings lapsed, and Bentley ruled once more supreme in Trinity.

It was at this point that the Rev. Dr. Colbatch, animated by the highest motives, felt that he must intervene. Hitherto he had filled the rôle of a peacemaker; but now the outrageous proceedings of the triumphant Master—who, in the flush of victory, was beginning to expel hostile Fellows by force from the College, and had even refused to appoint Dr. Colbatch himself to the Vice-Mastership—called aloud for the resistance of every right-thinking man. And Dr. Colbatch flattered himself that he could resist to some purpose. He had devoted his life to the study of the law; he was a man of the world; he was acquainted with Lord Carteret; and he had written a book on Portugal. Accordingly, he hurried to London and interviewed great personages, who were all of them extremely sympathetic and polite; then he returned to Trinity, and, after delivering a fulminating sermon in the chapel, he bearded the Master at a College meeting, and actually had the nerve to answer him back. Just then, moreover, the tide seemed to be turning against the tyrant. Bentley, not content with the battle in his own College, had begun a campaign

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against the University. There was a hectic struggle, and then the Vice-Chancellor, by an unparalleled exercise of power, deprived Bentley of his degrees: the Master of Trinity College and the Regius Professor of Divinity was reduced to the status of an undergraduate. This delighted the heart of Dr. Colbatch. He flew to London, where Lord Carteret, as usual, was all smiles and agreement. When, a little later, the College living of Orewell fell vacant, Dr. Colbatch gave a signal proof of his power; for Bentley, after refusing to appoint him to the living, at last found himself obliged to give way. Dr. Colbatch entered the rectory in triumph; was it not clear that that villain at the Lodge was a sinking man? But, whether sinking or no, the villain could still use a pen to some purpose. In a pamphlet on a proposed edition of the New Testament, Bentley took occasion to fall upon Dr. Colbatch tooth and nail. The rector of Orewell was "a casuistic drudge," a "plodding pupil of Escobar," an insect, a snarling dog, a gnawing rat, a maggot, and a cabbage-head. His intellect was as dark as his countenance; his "eyes, muscles, and shoulders were wrought up into the most solemn posture of gravity;" he grinned horribly; he was probably mad; and his brother's beard was ludicrously long.

On this Dr. Colbatch, chattering with rage, brought an action against the Master for libel in the Court of the Vice-Chancellor. By a cunning legal device Bentley arranged that the action should be stopped by the Court of King's Bench. Was it possible that Dr. Colbatch's knowledge of the law was not impeccable? He could not believe it, and forthwith composed a pamphlet entitled Jus Academicum, in which the whole case, in all its bearings, was laid before the public. The language of the pamphlet was temperate, the references to Bentley were not indecently severe; but, unfortunately, in one or two passages some expressions seemed to reflect upon the competence of the Court of King's Bench. The terrible Master saw his opportunity. He moved the Court of King's Bench to take cognizance of the Jus Academicum as a contempt of their jurisdiction. A cold shiver ran down Dr. Colbatch's spine. Was it conceivable. . .? But no! He had friends in London, powerful friends, who would never desert him. He rushed to Downing Street; Lord Townshend was reassuring; so was the Lord Chief Justice; and so was the Lord Chancellor. "Here," said Lord Carteret, waving the pen, "is the magician's wand that will always come to the rescue of Dr. Colbatch." Surely all was well. Nevertheless he was summoned to appear before the Court of King's Bench in order to explain his pamphlet. The Judge was old and testy; he misquoted Horace—"Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non abrogat;" "*Arrogat,* my lord!" said Dr. Colbatch. A little later the Judge once more returned to the quotation, making the same error. "*Arrogat,* my lord!" cried Dr. Colbatch for the second time. Yet once again, in the course of his summing-up, the Judge pronounced the word "abrogat;" "*Arrogat,* my lord!" screamed, for the third time, Dr. Colbatch. The interruption was fatal. The unhappy man was fined £50 and imprisoned for a week.

A less pertinacious spirit would have collapsed under such a dire misadventure; but Dr. Colbatch fought on. For ten years more, still animated by the highest motives, he struggled to dispossess the Master. Something was gained when yet another Bishop was appointed to the See of Ely—a Bishop who disapproved of Bentley's proceedings. With indefatigable zeal Dr. Colbatch laid the case before the Bishop of London, implored the Dean and Chapter of Westminster to interfere, and petitioned the Privy Council. In 1729 the Bishop of Ely summoned Bentley to appear before him; whereupon Bentley appealed to the Crown to decide who was the Visitor of Trinity College. For a moment Dr. Colbatch dreamed of obtaining a special Act of Parliament to deal with his enemy; but even he shrank from such a desperate expedient; and at length, in 1732, the whole case came up for decision before the House of Lords. At that very moment Bentley published his edition of Paradise Lost, in which all the best passages were emended and rewritten—a book remarkable as a wild aberration of genius, and no less remarkable as containing, for the first time in print, "tow'ring o'er the alphabet like Saul," the great Digamma. If Bentley's object had been to impress his judges in his favor, he failed; for the House of Lords decided that the Bishop of Ely was the Visitor. Once more Bentley was summoned to Ely House. Dr. Colbatch was on tenterhooks; the blow was about to fall; nothing could avert it now, unless—he trembled—if the Bishop were to die again? But the Bishop did not die; in 1734 he pronounced judgment; he deposed Bentley.

So, after thirty years, a righteous doom had fallet upon that proud and wicked man. Dr. Colbatch's exultation was inordinate: it was only equalled, in fact, by his subsequent horror, indignation, and fury. For Bentley had discovered in the Statutes of the College a clause which laid it down that, when the Master was to be removed, the necessary steps were to be taken by the Vice-Master. Now the Vice-Master was Bentley's creature; he never took the necessary steps; and Bentley never ceased, so long as he lived, to be Master of Trinity. Dr. Colbatch petitioned the House of Lords, he applied to the Court of King's Bench, he beseeched Lord Carteret—all in vain. His head turned; he was old, haggard, dying. Tossing on his bed at Orewell, he fell into a delirium, at first his mutterings were inarticulate; but suddenly, starting up, a glare in his eye, he exclaimed, with a strange emphasis, to the utter bewilderment of the bystanders, "*Arrogat,* my lord!" and immediately expired.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

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New Light on a Bad Business

Fresh Facts in the Sacco-Vanzetti Conviction

NICOLA SACCO and Bartholomeo Vanzetti were arrested at Brockton, Massachusetts, on May 5, 1920, quite by accident, by officers who were looking for another man. On "identifications" at the police station, Vanzetti was charged as principal in an attempted payroll robbery which had occurred at Bridgewater on the 24th of the previous December, was brought to trial promptly, convicted, and sentenced to fifteen years in State Prison. Meanwhile his companion Sacco was "identified" as principal in a double murder accompanied by a payroll robbery of over $15,000 which had occurred at South Braintree on the 15th of the previous April, and later Vanzetti, then serving time for the Bridgewater crime, was joined with Sacco as having participated in the South Braintree affair.

On July 14, 1920, both men were found guilty of murder in the first degree on two counts. The judge has been stayed from pronouncing sentence by a series of legal steps asking revision which have been invoked by the defence.

The arrests and the trials took place concurrently with the excitement against "aliens" and "radicals" which reached its climax in the so-called "red raids" instituted by former Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, and friends of the defence believe that the Sacco-Vanzetti case is but another instance of "seeing red." There seems reason to believe that the prosecuting officers, urged by their zeal to convict in the much talked of Sacco-Vanzetti case, have resorted to methods which denied a fair trial to men accused of a capital crime. This statement finds support in an incident which occurred in connection with the recent hearings on motions for a retrial.

At the trial, identifications, on which the government originally built its case, proved disappointing, and the issue of innocence or guilt came to hang, to a substantial extent, upon the claim that certain supposed "tell-tale" marks upon the so-called "mortal" bullet proved it to have been fired from Sacco's Colt automatic pistol. Captain Charles Van Amburg, ballistic engineer of the Remington Arms Works, and Captain William H. Proctor of the State Police, conducted experiments for the prosecution by firing trial shots from the pistol in question and were entrusted with the task of scrutinizing and comparing the trial bullets with the "mortal" bullet. Van Amburg and Proctor were put upon the stand as government witnesses. And while neither of them expressed absolute certainty upon the point which the government was attempting to prove, they both expressed themselves so nearly in the affirmative that their testimony was accepted by the defence without a question as supporting the government's contention.

The Judge put the same interpretation upon their testimony: "The Commonwealth claims," he stated in his charge, "that the fatal Winchester bullet marked Exhibit 3 which killed Berardelli was fired through the barrel of the Colt automatic pistol found upon the defendant Sacco at the time of his arrest. . . . To this effect the Commonwealth introduced two witnesses, Messrs. Proctor and Van Amburg." The prosecuting officers sat silent while the Judge thus summed up the evidence. Further, the District Attorney used words in his closing argument which would of necessity carry the same meaning to the jury. "You might disregard all the identification testimony," he asserted, "and base your verdict on the testimony of *these experts.*"

On the 22nd of last October, more than two years and three months after the trial closed with a verdict of guilty against the accused, an affidavit was filed in which Captain Proctor declares that he was and is entirely unconvinced that the "mortal" bullet had been fired by Sacco's gun. He discussed the question repeatedly, so he declares, with Van Amburg and with Frederick G. Katzmann, District Attorney, and with his first assistant, Harold P. Williams, now Mr. Katzmann's successor, and he affirms that they were well aware of his lack of concurrence with their contention. Finally, Captain Proctor says, a form of words was devised which would save him from a verbal untruth upon the stand, but would help out the government's case.

The Proctor affidavit is too long to print in full, but the following is its substance: After rehearsing his name, his place of residence, the position which he occupied at the State House and the thirty-six years of his service, Captain Proctor stated that he had had Sacco's pistol and the bullets taken from the bodies of the murdered men in his custody and that with Van Amburg he had at Lowell fired certain cartridges.

> At no time [he continued] was I able to find any evidence whatever which tended to convince me that the particular mortal bullet found in Berardelli's body, which came from a Colt automatic pistol, which I think was numbered 3 and had some other exhibit number, came from Sacco's pistol and I so informed the District Attorney and his assistant before the trial. This bullet

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was what is commonly called a full metal patch bullet and although I repeatedly talked over with Captain Van Amburg the scratch or scratches which he claimed tended to identify this bullet as one that must have gone through Sacco's pistol, his statements concerning the identifying marks seemed to me entirely unconvincing.

At the trial, the District Attorney did not ask me whether I had found any evidence that the so-called mortal bullet which I have referred to as number 3 passed through Sacco's pistol nor was I asked that question on cross-examination. The District Attorney desired to ask me that question, but I had repeatedly told him that if he did I should be obliged to answer in the negative; consequently, he put to me this question:

Q. Have you an opinion as to whether bullet number 3 was fired from the Colt automatic which is in evidence?

To which I answered, I have.

He then proceeded.

Q. And what is your opinion?

A. My opinion is that it is consistent with being fired by that pistol.

That is still my opinion for the reason that bullet number 3, in my judgment, passed through some Colt automatic pistol, but I do not intend by that answer to imply that I had found any evidence that the so-called mortal bullet had passed through this particular Colt automatic pistol and the District Attorney well knew that I did not so intend and framed his question accordingly. Had I been asked the direct question: whether I had found any affirmative evidence whatever that this so-called mortal bullet had passed through this particular Sacco's pistol, I should have answered then, as I do now without hesitation, in the negative.

It will be asked what explanation was made of Captain Proctor's remarkable affidavit. Mr. Katzmann and Mr. Williams each filed an affidavit and made an argument upon it. Mr. Katzmann affirmed that Captain Proctor had told him that he was of the opinion that the bullet in question "had been fired from a Colt automatic pistol." Note the indefinite use of the article "a."

Mr. Williams affirmed that he asked Captain Proctor if he could tell in what pistol this so-called mortal bullet was fired and he said that he could not, although the marks upon it were consistent with its having been fired in the Sacco pistol. . . . His attention was not repeatedly called to the "question whether he could find any evidence which would justify the opinion that this bullet came from the Sacco pistol." The word, "repeatedly," it was pointed out by the defence, is subject to interpretation.

William G. Thompson, representing the defendants in the motion for a new trial (he had not been in the case at the time of the trial), characterized the Proctor testimony as "an ingenious and clever" way of saying one thing and meaning another. "That's all it comes down to. . . . One jury of twelve men heard Mr. Proctor's false opinion, I want a jury of twelve men to hear his true opinion. I believe that when this transaction comes to the knowledge of members of the bar, and when it is understood and reflected upon by lawyers and persons competent to form an opinion,—the more plain it will appear that the defendants were deprived of a fair trial. . . . It is impossible to understand what occurred and to reconcile a refusal of a new trial with the Constitution of Massachusetts. Through all the technicalities, we are confronted here with a violation of the fundamental law itself; we strike right on the rock of the Constitution."

Representatives of the Greater Boston Federation of Churches and of the New England Civil Liberties Committee, and others who have followed the case carefully and who had been puzzled by much that happened at the trial, consider the Proctor affidavit as in accord with the spirit in which the trial and the ensuing hearings on motions for a retrial have been conducted. Be that as it may, the Proctor incident would seem to speak sufficiently loudly for itself.

ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS.

Country Club

ITS roofs are low. Its chimneys tall. It sits back from the highway. Brick-red and genially at odds with the surrounding landscape, it looks down from a clump of myrtles to the valley. The Greeks, too, built their temples on a hill.

You enter the wide lounge from your choice of three directions. There is a great hall, heroic in proportions, capable of accommodating half the club's whole membership for after-dinner coffee. Ceilings high, with heavy antique beams and imitation worm-holes. French windows on the north. French windows on the east. French windows on the south. On the west an open fireplace. "Burns real wood," the members tell you. "Real wood, you know. Those logs aren't gas. You burn 'em." Rare tribute in a land of open but non-burning fireplaces.

"Take a look at the mantelpiece while you're over there," someone else advises. "Notice all that carving? Nothing like it in the other clubs out here. It's an exact copy—say, George!"—to the steward—"what's this fireplace an exact copy of?"

Something from the town house of the Duke of Devonshire? Not necessarily. It may be the country home of Beaconsfield. Massive, ornate, perpendicular: it supports upon its topmost ledge the fragile cup bestowed each year in theory on the winner of low medal score. The gray walls

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towering around it are lined with bright-eyed heads of elk and deer, not shot by any of the members.

This is the great hall of the Country Club, and though it is gay enough in winter time—when the real logs are crackling for a Christmas dance—the life of the place is out of doors when a summer sun's around. The lodge room is a shadow.

There is a long porch that looks across the valley to the pine trees on the hill. Four o'clock is as lively, here, as on the quarter-deck of an ocean steamer in mid-ocean. School-girls dancing to a phonograph—knitting parties talking shop—the Jeffreys children fleeing from their nurse to open all the screens. Bridge in full swing at half a dozen different tables: tenth of a cent a point, partners changing every second rubber—the standard game with a few addenda in the way of local ground rules. It is understood, though only tacitly admitted, that any partner of Mrs. Simon Budge is justified in seeking shelter upon that lady's double of three hearts; that at least twice every afternoon will Mrs. Willis Oakley cut across the ruddy aftermath of victory to remark, "My dear, we'd have more if you'd led trumps to start with;" that fractions of a hundred points, when Mrs. Arthur Appleby is keeping score, are tallied if they favor "we;" that if the margin favors "they," the table scores the nearest hundred.

Bridge at half a dozen tables. Some interest in the game itself; but you will overlook the most distinctive feature of the Country Club unless you know this long piazza serves the city as a clearing-house for social paper. Did the Garveys get their Packard second-hand? Yes, they bought it out of town—but Mrs. Cramer's brother recognized the number. Did the Sacketts live as regally as they would have us think, that week they motored east in April? No. Marcella Fairbanks met them in the lobby. They registered at the Culver Arms in Forty-seventh Street—and only used the Biltmore for their letters. Does Fred Tolley really make those week-end trips to Kansas City to sell stock in his roller-bearing factory? No, he carries on an intrigue with a Russian dancer. All that the camp-fire meant to the Mohawk squaw and the Paris salon to the French blue-stocking does the Country Club purvey to modern woman.

Modern man, meantime, foregathers at the lockers.

There is a long hall, half below the level of the ground, with a red-tiled floor and row on row of green-enamelled cupboards. Here, while the squaws are busy overhead, the braves assemble when the game is over—and before it starts. From the room's far end comes the splash of water in the showers. The chief shrine, this, in the locker room. Piping hot or stabbing cold. No golden mean except in letters. The floor is slippery with wet soap; the sharp rays sting like needles. Dripping puddles with his heels, the bather limps back to the lockers. Lips blue, teeth chattering, the ritual of getting washed demands a show of pleasure. "Certainly—brrrr! ugh!—makes a man feel great. Nothing"—a convulsive shudder—"like a nice cold shower."

Talk of traps and mashie shots, wooden spoons and drivers. "Funny thing—now yesterday—say! I could hit that ball a mile."—"You were off your game today, George."—"Off my game is right!"—Old Judge Wiley, low score sixty-seven for nine holes, stands in his bare feet on a towel and struggles with his shirt. Always that towel is spread with care, a cotton island on the cold stone floor. "How you hitting them today, Judge?"asks a neighbor.—"Not too good," the Judge replies. "Off form.—Damn that sleeve!—But yesterday—say, Jim, I was hitting them a mile."

Off form today. But not tomorrow's yesterday. The shades of night close softly on a golf score; the sluggard worm turns butterfly. You see the chrysalis begin to open in the locker room. Already the collars-on are far more optimistic than the bath-towels—the bath-towels far more cheerful than the Ivory Soaps. With prophecies of havoc on the morrow, the business of reclothing gathers pace.

Noisily, in one corner of the room, the sporting faction demonstrates it still possesses rye. There is a pride in "having something" second only to a perfect drive. Pedigree stock, this vintage of the locker room. No druggist's product here. "Brother-in-law brought it all the way from Bimini. Picked it up himself."—"That so? Try some of mine. Cousin just got back from London. Brought two cases home."—Halfway from Kansas to the moon—the long miles travelled by these flagons.

Glasses at the nineteenth hole. Meantime the late arrivals hurry into working togs. "Mac, give me three Glory Dimples." In the caddy-room beyond the showers another marksman stocks his ammunition. Balls enough here, it seems, to choke the little brook that yawns like the Atlantic to a novice on the tee. Balls dimpled, dotted, chequered, spotted, speckled. Balls upon whose slight difference in exterior the most hardened sportsman stakes his fame. "Mac" is guiding genius here. "Mac," the club professional. Elbows loafing on the window-sill, he muses on this stream of amateurs who purchase balls to smack just once and never see again. A tall Scot, with a sag around his shoulders. A good hitter, and a wise old owl. Dine with him and Mrs. "Mac," below stairs, in the evening, and his twang is every bit as North American as the protests of the greens committee. But meet him in the morning, and the burr is back again. He knows its value in the clubhouse. "Great fellow, Mac. Scotch, you know. Scotland. Came from Scotland. Hardly understand him till you get the hang of it." A wise man, knowing well the three great precepts of beginner-golf: No

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man is as good today as yesterday—No man can hit the ball so well as when it isn't there—No score is too low for him who plays around alone.

"Mac" locks the case from which three Glory Dimples have departed, never to return; the local sportsman leads the out-of-towner through the sunshine to the tee. "Don't suppose I'll be able to hit the ball, today," he explains apologetically. "I was too good yesterday. Hitting them a mile."

"Caddy!"

The freckled youth is sceptical. He has been out on this quest before. He is more than sceptical, if truth be known. He harbors certain dark suspicions. More than once, behind the shelter of a friendly hill, has he seen this patron seek recourse to implements not carried in a bag. A stony hole. A ball that's hard to hit. A short, swift, vicious kick. The ball rolls in the open.

Today the fairway glistens in an August sun. The local sportsman volunteers to show the way. "May not even hit it," he warns his tactful guest. "Usually takes me six or seven to get started."

A little pinch of sand to make the tee.—White ball sitting like a puff of cotton on a twig.—Sturdy practice swings that make the dust spout small volcanoes.—"All ready, caddy? Watch the ball!"—One more swing.—"I'd like to get a good one just to show you—" A new stance, and sudden shift of wallet to rear pocket.—"Well, here goes!"—One last look across the hill.—"I'd like to show you—"

Crack!

Bad drive? Hooked off to the maples on the right? No, not a bit of it! Straight, low-arched and whistling, the ball sails toward the green.

Modestly the host steps back from his encounter.

"Well—not so bad, not so bad. . . . A little low. . . . Still, I've seen worse ones. . . . Yes, I've seen worse ones. Darned near as good as the one I got here yesterday!"

. . . . . .

The Greeks built temples on the hills.

Brick-red and regally upholstered, boastfully genial, doors flung wide in welcome for the clan, the Country Club looks down across the valley.

The Greeks built temples on the hillside. Undaunted, in his own image has built modern man.

CHARLES MERZ.

The Innocents

When the cock in the dish
Crew "Christus natus est!"
I saddled a wish
And rode from the west.

The ditches were piled
With young children dying:
I saw Herod's child
In a gold cradle lying.

At high white noon
In a tower turned south;
A silver spoon
Was in the child's mouth.

It was bright as a candle
And heavy as lead:
Carved on the handle
Was John Baptist's head.

I climbed like a cat;
I stole the metal;
I hammered it flat
To a silver petal.

I curled the leaf
To a silver bell
To echo the grief
Of Israel.

The dead were dumb
But it spoke for them:
By night I was come
To Bethlehem.

Mary's mantle
Covered the Christ:
With myrrh and santal
His hair was spiced.

I kissed the ground
Where the gold was tossed:
The bell made a sound
Like a young child lost.

"This bell is a bird
Or a shaken bud;
It speaks a word
The color of blood.

"This bell is a cup
Or a thorny cap . . ."
The Christ sat up
In Mary's lap.

"O take this bell
And stifle its breath,
For Israel
Is tired of death.

"When Herod's boy
Lies broken and dying,
Give him this toy
To quiet his crying."

ELINOR WYLIE.

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A COMMUNICATION

The Plight of the Pueblos

SIR: May I call the attention of New Republic readers to the issue of land legislation for the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico which is again before the country. Since no legislation resulted from last year's struggle, during the present Congress one or more bills to settle the Indians' continued right to land granted and patented to them as communities by both Spain and the United States must be introduced. The wellbeing of several thousand settlers on Indian land is also at stake, and the legal rights and moral equities of the two parties must once more be carefully considered by the people and their representatives on the Indian committees of Congress, if a fair settlement is to be enacted into law. There is no doubt that the Pueblos, who represent the highest type of our aboriginal populations, will perish as proud and independent and self-sustaining communities, to become economic dependents of the government or peon laborers if the major part of their ancient lands, on which their social and economic life is built, is not confirmed to them.

The legislative question, which appeared so clear when the Indians' friends and the press were united against the nefarious Bursum bill, is now most unfortunately beclouded by a fundamental difference of principle and theory on the part of these same friends, whom the general public might naturally suppose to be in agreement about a constructive solution of Pueblo troubles. Certain organizations, notably the New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs and the Eastern Association, advocate a revision of the so-called Lenroot substitute bill, an inheritance from last year's Congress, while several others, notably the American Indian Defense Association and the General Federation of Women's Clubs ask for a bill founded on a totally opposite conception of the Pueblo situation. The difference happens to be one which the average citizen can grasp, in spite of the legal technicalities involved, and as a member of two groups now in disagreement, I wish to make a plea against blind partisanship or special pleading, connected with personalities and associations, and for an unsentimental study of the facts.

Here then, are the Pueblos, 9,000 of them, living in their nineteen ancient tribal communities. Here are 3,000 settlers, mostly Spanish American in race, who, in good faith or bad, with color of title or without, by purchase, by barter, by naked squatting have obtained some sort of claim to considerable portions of these Indian lands guaranteed under treaty and by act of Congress to our Pueblo wards, and have built houses and improvements thereon. The settlers are voters, having the interest and support of the political parties, and holding the balance of favor in local courts and communities. The Indians are wards of the government, unlettered and simple people totally unable to protect themselves save through governmental agencies which have been inactive through many years for their protection, though some of the lands encroached upon are essential to the communal existence of the Pueblos. What is to be done?

The solution, as outlined by the divergent societies, hinges chiefly on one point: have the Indians, or have they not, lost *legal* title to portions of their land through the adverse possession permitted by the quiescence of the federal authorities? The New Mexico Association, in a bulletin just issued, urges that they have lost legal title to much land occupied adversely from 1850 to 1912, citing in support the decisions of the territorial courts, which ran in all cases against the Indians, whom these courts held to be citizens. The American Indian Defense Association urges, on the other hand, that while moral equities have grown up in favor of the settlers, the Pueblos' *legal* title is today as good as it ever was, no matter how many the settlers on Indian land, since the Pueblos are wards —so declared by the Supreme Court in 1913—and adverse possession cannot run against such wards. The New Mexico group advocates, through the Lenroot bill, the appointment of an administrative commission on which the Indians shall have no representation, which will determine and plot by metes and bounds such of the lands as *it concludes* to have been held adversely for the period defined by the statute, the findings of this commission to be finally determinative of Indian rights and leading to their cancellation when in conflict with the non-Indian—this regardless of the Indians' consent. The Indian Defense Association, on the contrary, asks for a commission to survey the situation, to provide, by conference with the Pueblos, for the voluntary surrender of such Indian claims as are not necessary for the communal integrity, and conversely for the removal by lawsuit of certain settlers who threaten the integrity of the Pueblos, compensation, in both cases, to be paid by the government.

In other words, the New Mexico solution stands first on the claims of the white settlers, proceeding from them to an adjustment of the Indian rights, while the solution of the Indian Defense Association follows the opposite method, considering the Indians first and the settlers second. The defenders of the Lenroot substitute maintain that it is the best and most practicable compromise; its opponents maintain that it is not settled that Indians have already lost their legal rights, and there is no reason why Congress should be asked to enact legislation entailing that loss, foreclosing in advance the Indian rights, instead of leaving them to the decision of the courts—this through the action of a politically constituted and non-judicial body. If the New Mexico view of the law is sound, one test case, carried to the Supreme Court, would settle the question definitely.

As a small property owner in a New Mexico valley where there is considerable settlement on Indian land I have a real sympathy with the white side of the case, as well as with that of the Indians. All my dealings with

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the Pueblos lead me to believe that they are ready to give the white folks a square deal, whereas, as a member of several societies created for the defense of the Indians, including the New Mexico Association, I have less faith than my good friends of that Association in the unbiassed action of a non-judicial commission with power to cancel Indian claims by a retroactive statute of limitations. Why do Indian societies exist at all? Because the Indian, throughout American history, has been the under dog. No doubt we all want to save the Pueblos, but, if so, why abandon Indian legal rights until they are finally outlawed by the highest courts? The white steam roller is a strong instrument of destruction, in New Mexico as elsewhere, and the Pueblos are infinitely worth preserving.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Delayed Publication of Treaties

SIR: The National League of Women Voters through its interest in international coöperation, has been distressed by the delayed publication of treaties and negotiations by the State Department.

Specifically: A number of treaties were drawn at Santiago by the fifth Conference of American States which adjourned May 3, 1923. While the report of the delegates of the United States has been published, the texts of the treaties are not yet available or public.

The Treaty of Lausanne between the United States and Turkey has not been published and is not available in the United States. I was told that the Gerard Committee do not have the text and suspect it is true. The Treaty was signed August 6, 1923.

The texts of the recent agreements with Mexico have not been published, so far as I know.

The report of the Commission of Jurists which sat at the Hague last February was first published in the Italian Review of International Law. It has never been published in this country, although a summary has been published.

On December 8, 1923, a treaty with Germany was signed, but the text was not published.

Is this a matter of lack of appropriations for the State Department, or is it a policy? The women of this country would be interested in a bill requesting the prompt printing and publication of this information to Congress and the press, together with the necessary appropriation to the State Department for so doing.

New York City. RUTH MORGAN.

Write to the Governor

SIR: The case of a group of men now in prison in Texas should interest your readers.

About eleven years ago, a party of Mexicans, with one citizen of Massachusetts, Charles Cline, started for Mexico to take part in an insurrection against Diaz. The Texas authorities tried to keep them from crossing the border. There was a running fight of several days, and in the course of it a Mexican gunman who had been appointed a deputy sheriff was killed. It is not known with certainty who killed him; but on account of it the entire party, when captured, were sentenced to life imprisonment for murder. They have already served more than ten years. All appeals for clemency have thus far been in vain.

Their names are Jesus M. Rangel, Jesus Gonzalez, Abram Cisneros, Pedro Perales, Leonardo L. Vasques and Charles Cline. Earnest efforts are making to secure executive clemency for them, and especially for Cline. Among those who have asked it are a number of prominent persons and labor organizations in the United States, as well as President Obregon, the Mexican Federation of Labor, and the legislatures of several Mexican states. Will not your readers, if they think that these men have suffered enough, write to Governor Pat N. Neff, Austin, Texas, and join in the request for a pardon?

Dorchester, Massachusetts. ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

From a Modernist Layman

SIR: I am a modernist churchman, and think I have noticed that modernist clergymen do not always use much common sense in selecting their battle grounds and points of attack.

For example: take the case of the modernist Baptist minister who preaches in a Presbyterian church. In this position he gives to his fundamentalist adversaries the advantage of the powerful sentiment of denominational loyalty; and must find against him not only those who are opposed to his views; but also the numerous and influential class who, having no quarrel with his teaching, nevertheless have an instinctive preference for regularity, discipline and order, and who naturally turn to the side which is regular in any controversy. The fundamentalists in this case have a great advantage which they would not have if he were Presbyterian, or were preaching in a Baptist church.

Then there is the case of the Protestant Episcopal clergyman who selected the ritual of his church as his point of attack, thus enlisting against him all those who were devoted by habit or endearing association to the accustomed ritual, many of whom had no objection to his theological views; and another case, not prominent in the press, but known to me, where another Protestant Episcopal minister conceived the idea of indicating his sympathy with the modernist idea by dropping the Apostles' Creed from the service. This whim irritated numbers of his congregation who were in sympathy with the modernist views which he had taught them for years.

As a modernist layman I could wish that our clerical leaders used more judgment in their choice of concrete positions. Perhaps they have a tendency to take themselves too seriously. I think it would be well if sometimes they would remember Chesterton's response to the modernist who said he had no use for the Athanasian Creed. The British champion of orthodoxy responded that he might as well have said that he had no use for the Encyclopedia Britannica; that in the case of the latter work it would have probably occurred to the critic that it was meant for humanity and not for him. Without adopting the analogy, I can perceive a thought in it that might be useful to a modernist.

Brooklyn, New York. CHARLES BLACKMAN.

"Overpopulation: A Danger?"

SIR: Alvin Johnson's article, Overpopulation: A Danger, recalls an incident of a recent Sunday "hike" to Gloucester. Three of us fellow students wandering down into the fishing district of the old town where the sturdy men of New England were wont to mend their nets, encountered a bustling group of Italian women and children gathering in an alley near the steps of a tenement house. Unaware of the occasion for the unusual excitement, we approached and waited. A bystander informed us it was a wedding.

Our eyes ranged the rapidly enlarging group of neighbors. We estimated half a hundred women perhaps, nearly every one with a child in arms, and as many apparently soon to give birth again. As for urchins able to toddle up to those of the nine or ten year class, we gave up the count. They were numbered by the hundred.

We waited for the bride to appear to enter a waiting car that would carry her to the altar. She came, a pale slender "daughter of Italy," not out of her teens, one would guess. Among all the group she and her single attendant bridesmaid remained as two upon whom the burdens of motherhood had not descended. We wondered with what spirit she entered upon this "sacrifice to the gods." To us the spectacle was more powerful than any sermon. It didn't exactly fit in with the idea of God-given children. Without assuming to know all the arguments pro and con as to birth control, we nevertheless expressed the wish that the most ardent believer in the Divine gift of children might have shared our experience.

It is not too much to surmise that what is transpiring in this old New England town is to be met with wherever the poorer classes are to be found. To say that they want children as they have them is to say they want poverty, disease, and misery. Perhaps the problem is not at all as simple as the strongest advocates of birth control contend. But its solution will be greatly aided when the church, if that time ever comes, ceases to invoke religion as a reason for refusing to deal with it in the light of modern science.

WAYLAND H. ELSBREE.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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Pelléas and Mélisande

Pelleas and Melisande, by Maurice Maeterlinck. Times Square Theatre. December 4, 1923.

NO great advantage can come out of turning over and over this play of Maeterlinck's. That was done twenty years ago, and symbolism in dramas like this was exploited, debated, denied and extolled. Pelleas and Melisande has less fad to it now, less support from neighboring atmospheres, and must stand more on its qualities. That it is outmoded today is obvious. But so far as that goes it will be less outmoded another twenty-five years from now than Tarnish will be. And it is already not so far behind the time as Seventh Heaven, which, in addition to having a twelve year old mind, is almost entirely the theatrical stuff that our grandmothers got out their handkerchiefs and sniffled over.

Pelleas and Melisande stops itself with its vague airs now and again as it proceeds from scene to scene, it lacks vibration, no doubt, and its symbolism is often without imagination, a mere trick of meanings and pseudo-luminosities. But it has on it nevertheless a certain morning and evening light of life. It has no satisfying amount of middle-class explicability and no easy resemblances for commonplace eyes. But it achieves no little of the wonder and mystery from which art as well as science springs. And it has under it what few of the plays we see ever have, an imaginative unity; the theme, the story, the characters and places are all from one source. And finally, though it is a generation old by now, Pelleas and Melisande is the last version to establish itself as a classic and landmark in that long line of lovers, Tristram and Iseult, Launcelot and Guenevere, Paolo and Francesca, who carry this theme of tragic individual passion struggling with convention and social order.

Mr. Rollo Peters in his design for the production has made a long advance on his last year's Romeo and Juliet. There is more imagination and invention in his Pelleas and Melisande, more sustained color and mood. Some of the scenes do not come off too happily, the two with screens especially, which seem not yet to have happened on any reason or unity for themselves; but the cave, with its strange and haunting arches overhead, its lights and vague rhythms of shapes and shadows, is a beautiful and poetic piece of creation. And Melisande's room has a romantic and whimsical poetry to it.

Mr. Peters's acting also has advanced steadily in the last year. Compared to the average Broadway actor he is already an important artist. In the light of the art of acting Mr. Peters is still unequal; he is too purely personal from time to time, as in the short soliloquy at the beginning of the scene by the spring where Melisande is to lose her wedding ring. He does not quite know yet how to project himself in terms of acting. But his method is fast becoming more solid and steadier; and his technical attack more uniform and bona fide. And he brings to Pelleas, in spite of the less glowing poetry of it and the thinner lines, the same poetic understanding that he brought to Shakespeare last year.

Mr. J. Sayre Crawley promised well at the start with one of those wise divining old men's parts that are usually so full of misgivings for us all. But it was not long before Mr. Crawley began to feel the good gray hairs of his venerable wig. And by the time Melisande's death arrived, with its innocence and still resignation, Mr. Crawley had yielded quite to the blandishments of the sibylline and far-seeing. By that time he and Mr. Hector's Golaud were tedious, sententious and drivelling.

Fortunately Miss Jane Cowl's Melisande had none of these inequalities. Her lines are the best in the play, the most securely and quietly written by Maeterlinck. And to them Miss Cowl managed to give a singular purity and spontaneity. She made them seem to come from a creature who really drew from another world, whose origin and home, whose sailing ships that brought her to this land, whose figure and presence, were mystical and not to be defined. The most beautiful moment of Miss Cowl's performance was, as it should be in this play, the most elusive also. It was when she first entered the scene of the cave where Golaud sent her to find the lost ring. In this scene there was something about her entrance and her standing there in the dusk of the place that was shy and faint and luminous at once. At this moment she managed to express the main theme of the play, which turns on the solitude of the human soul. And she managed, too, to convey the idea on which the incidents and motives and symbols of the play all turn, that there is nothing without its infinite implications in the world, that nothing happens in any part that does not affect and involve the whole of life.

I should not say that Pelleas and Melisande is a great piece of drama, though most plays are very much worse. But I should say that it throws off constant suggestions of beautiful things, and that this production of it bears all the signs of love and single mindedness. A certain virginal simplicity has been given to it, and a belief in the beautiful and poetic.

STARK YOUNG.

Pueblo Dances

I have seen them dancing, the Pueblos,
Honoring rain and corn—
Or telling snakes how well it goes,
How good it is to be born.

I have seen them showing to a whole town,
For laughing approbation,
The corn, the melon, the earth's own
Symbols of generation.

Open and honest, glad and good,
These partners of the land
Through centuries have understood
What we misunderstand.

WITTER BYNNER.

Rhyme of Reasoning

The bark of a dog when a bell is rung
Disturbs the sparrow picking dung.
(Droppings upon a city street
Are a sparrow's milk and a sparrow's meat.)

The bark of a dog sends a chill to the marrow,
The bone, and the breast, and the rest of a sparrow;
So a bell's knell is a spoken abuse,
And can be of no use, and can be of no use.

Sure, a dog or a bell is a troublesome thing;
A dog shouldn't bark, a bell shouldn't ring.
It's a sparrow's world and a sparrow's street,
And sparrows must have their milk and meat.

BASIL THOMPSON.

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The Rover

UNTIL Mr. Conrad writes us a preface to it we can know nothing about the first beginnings of his new novel, The Rover (Doubleday, Page and Company, $2.00). But we may make as many guesses as we please. Once upon a time Mr. Conrad—so we are free to suppose while expecting the truth to come and contradict us—not long or many years ago, when staying in the neighborhood of Hyères, Mr. Conrad used to take his walks on the Presqu'île de Giens. Looking seaward, he fell to imagining the feelings a Frenchman might have had on the same spot, in the early years of the nineteenth century, when Nelson's invisible English fleet was keeping its two-year-long watch, just below the southern horizon, waiting for the French fleet to sail from Toulon. Aware that Admiral Villeneuve had attempted to deceive Nelson by allowing false despatches to fall into English hands, or else imagining an attempt so probable, Mr. Conrad began to see this adventure in its details, the sailing of a French boat, her seemingly genuine race to elude her English pursuer, her capture, the fate of her captain and crew.

It was in 1875 or 1876, Mr. Conrad says in the preface to Nostromo, that he "heard the story of a man who was supposed to have stolen single-handed a whole lighter full of silver, somewhere on the Terra Fierme seaboard during the troubles of a revolution." Mr. Conrad forgot this crime "till twenty-six or seven years later I came upon the very thing in a shabby volume picked up outside a second-hand bookshop," where he found a little more information, only two or three pages in all. "The fellow had actually managed to steal a lighter with silver, and this, it seems, only because he was implicitly trusted by his employers, who seem to have been singularly poor judges of character. In the . . . story he is represented as an unmitigated rascal, a small cheat. . . . To invent a circumstantial account of the robbery did not appeal to me because my talents not lying that way I did not think the game worth the candle. It was only when it dawned on me that the purloiner of the treasure need not necessarily be a confirmed rogue, that he could be even a man of character, an actor and possibly a victim in the changing scenes of a revolution—it was only then that I had the first vision of a twilight country that was to become the province of Sulaco."

Need not necessarily be—perhaps some such words have come oftener to Mr. Conrad's mind than any others when his imagination is beginning to discern the chief actor in a crime or a cowardice or a heroism. Mr. Conrad's genius has seen, over and over again, that such an actor need not necessarily be what persons without genius would have thought him. So here, in The Rover, The hero of this immortal voyage, the intent of which is to convince Nelson that the French fleet when it comes out of Toulon will sail for the Morea and Egypt, need not necessarily be an ultrapatriotic French naval officer, who welcomes death or an English prison from ultrapatriotic motives. He could be a man quite unlike this, could be even an exile returned but lately to France, who deserted from the French navy years ago, has been a rover and now and then little better than a pirate on eastern seas, for many years a desperado and an outcast, a rather suspicious character to the revolutionists when he lands at Toulon, with a stolen hoard of mixed coins on his person, and in his heart a touch of gratitude to the Englishman who saved his life once, thousands of miles away, in the old days.

By and by Mr. Conrad may tell us whether The Rover came to him after this fashion, whether the scene having suggested the exploit his memory called up a man who might serve his purpose, or whether somebody whom he had known well or seen once came to him before the deed, and the deed before its setting. Our curiosity, however, whenever Mr. Conrad is its object, is not satisfied with knowing what he chooses to reveal. We should draw nearer to catching his process in the act of creation if we could measure the difference, great or small, between the order in which persons and events and places emerge to his imagination, and the order in which he gives them to his readers. How much of his method is due just to his own way of seeing? How much, when he is composing one of his more deeply implicated books, one of those books where the present is all inlaid with the past, is due to his conviction that in this way, and in no other way, can he make us more vigilant than we naturally are, quicker to see, to hear, to understand? His intricate method, adopted so often and by this time so familiar, never strikes me as a yielding to habit. Always the method seems to have been created afresh, as if it were newborn with the new book. Every novel of Mr. Conrad's is an act of justice to human nature, and its method exists in order that we may not fail to realize the justice of the act.

Of course this is partly my delusion. Nobody, not even Mr. Conrad, can have a habit and not have it. Even the most exacting and inexhaustible imagination acquires a routine. But here again in The Rover I fail to detect, Mr. Conrad keeps me from detecting, any place where his imagination chooses the difficult way merely because that way is also familiar. Here once more he sharpens my attention, he betters my straining memory, he works me up to the point of watching and accepting, with a fullness and intensity not mine, the unfolding of one more loyalty at work. How abstract this description sounds! How unlike the living thing The Rover is, with its own time, its own hammershaped peninsula, its leaning pine from which you can watch the sea and be hidden, its winds and calms! Jean Peyrol "shook his head dismally at the leaning pine, his only companion. The disinherited soul of that rover ranging for so many years a lawless ocean with the coasts of two continents for a raiding ground, had come back to its crag, circling like a seabird in the dusk and longing for a great sea victory for its people: that inland multitude of which Peyrol knew nothing except the few individuals on that peninsula cut off from the rest of the land by the dead water of a salt lagoon; and where only a strain of manliness in a miserable cripple and an unaccountable charm of a half-crazed woman had found response in his heart."

A new novel by Joseph Conrad—how can we foresee the shape it will take and keep in memory? We never can. We may say, if we like, that we shall remember The Rover as Jean Peyrol himself, but the whole book is Jean himself. The men and women and the dog in the Pointe d'Escampobarion, the seaboard and the sea, his money, his tartune, the Mediterranean weather, if we forget any of these we shall be forgetting Jean, one of Mr. Conrad's best characters, "the man of dark deeds, but of large heart," and nevertheless, although this description fits him, something new under the sun.

P. L.

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The Liberal View of the British Empire

The Expansion of Europe, by Ramsay Muir. Third Edition. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

ALL Englishmen from king to wage-earner, with few exceptions, view the British Empire from one of two standpoints; they are either Liberal or Tory. The Tory, as exemplified by a Lord Curzon, or a Lord Milner, boasts of the Empire and is not afraid to confess openly that among the lesser breeds without the law the Anglo-Saxon has a divine right to exercise political and economic dominion. The Liberal, on the other hand, is apologetic about the Empire and conveys an impression that it is a dreadful burden which from a sense of duty England must bear. That there may be financial profit in the business of ruling subject races is sometimes admitted by your Tory, but by your Liberal never! The Liberal, with a dour countenance, will tell you that if England didn't govern three-fourths of the globe, some really bad country like France or Germany would; and then his face will light up a bit and he will add that England is a "trustee for civilization" and confers upon the world inestimable benefits of liberty. The Tory is more transparent; his face is always illumined.

Professor Ramsay Muir is a Liberal; and let it here be remarked once for all that in strictly domestic politics he is a Liberal in the sense in which this word has been appropriated by certain American radicals, that is, he believes in thoroughgoing political democracy and has set forth in another volume (Liberalism and Social Reform) an economic program of radical peasant proprietorship of land and proletarian participation in the management of industry, which on American Main Streets and by American Babbitts would be labelled "bolshevism." When he discusses the white man's burden and especially the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon, Professor Ramsay Muir is still the English Liberal, but he is now the Liberal whom our Babbitts and our Main Streets can follow without expletives or apoplexy. He here speaks a jargon dear to sentimental hearts and unsophisticated minds.

The book purports to be a history of the expansion of Europe but in fact it is little more than an ex parte essay on the rise of the British Empire. There is a hasty sketch of overseas exploration and colonization by Portuguese, Spaniards, Dutch, French, Russians, Germans, et al., but the main purpose seems to be to provide the author with a telling antithesis between "brutal domination pursued for its own sake" and the British "conception of trusteeship." The French are let off a little more easily than other foreigners, probably because the book was published early in the Great War, but it must already be obvious to Liberal imperial intelligence that recent activities of M. Poincaré render the classification of Frenchmen among "the trustees of civilization" rather faulty. If Ramsay Muir is to run true to form, let him prepare a new edition and leave the English as the unique holding corporation of the world's virtue.

The Liberal view of the British Empire is convincing chiefly because it is small and artificial. It reminds one of a child who gazes from a railway express through yellow glasses and is surprised and delighted to find all fleeting things—rivers and rocks, telegraph-poles and ploughed fields—quite diminutive and equally golden. The golden glasses of Professor Ramsay Muir—his urim and thummim—are political liberty and representative government. (For, perceiving that the early English colonies in America had a kind of representative government and political liberty which contemporaneous Spanish and French colonies lacked, he feels that he has proved the superior claims of Britain to world-trusteeship. Or, again, showing that Great Britain in the nineteenth century entrusted dominion self-government to peoples of European stock in Canada, Australia, and South Africa, while Germany and Italy and Russia extended absolutist sway over non-European peoples, he fancies that he has demonstrated the raison d'être of the whole British Empire.)

Personally I wish Professor Muir would try some other glasses. I don't mean to belittle the golden glasses of self-government, for they give us one important aspect of British imperial history, including one important aspect of the history of our own country, but what about other aspects? Why not peer through the brown and gray of economic facts, or the green of language, or the blue of art, or even the red of religion? It is an arresting fact in connection with European expansion that the persons who today in the New World speak Spanish and cherish the religion and art of old Spain considerably outnumber the total population of the self-governing dominions of the British Empire. It is also worth while to inquire whether the French have not been more successful in Gallicizing the natives under their rule than the British have been in Anglicizing the natives with whom they have come in contact. Yet Mr. Muir's method precludes such facts and such inquiries. "Civilization" is to him a very narrow term. He admits that the tribesmen of East Africa fought in the recent war most loyally and gallantly under the German flag, yet he damns German imperialism utterly because it involved no self-government.

Now, as a matter of prosaic fact, self-government is an attribute of but a small minority of the inhabitants of the British Empire. For every colonist who enjoys a large measure of political democracy, there are at least thirty dusky-skinned natives who are dominated by viceroys or hand-picked councils or chartered companies or resident "agents," with hardly a form of self-government. Professor Muir recognizes the fact and blushes, but he hastens to assert that it has no bearing on Britain's "trusteeship for civilization." "The British power in India," he says, "has played the part of a podesta in restraining and mediating between the conflicting peoples and religions of India" and in establishing and maintaining the "Reign of Law." As for Egypt, Britain "found herself drawn into a labor of reconstruction that could not be dropped." As for the conquest of the Boer Republics, "it was neither greed nor tyranny on Britain's part which brought about the conflict, but simply the demand for equal rights." If these assertions are valid, they constitute at best a defence of modern imperialism in general rather than of British imperialism in particular.

Our Liberal imperialist is too incorrigible an idealist to have any patience with, or understanding of, the economic factors in the overseas expansion of England. He lays the cornerstone of the British Empire in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on a curiously intangible longing of British emigrants for self-determination rather than on the solid economic triangle of piracy, slavery, and rum. He builds the superstructure of the eighteenth century along the lines not of commercial rivalry incidental to economic mercantilism but of political rivalry resulting from diverse forms of government. He declares that

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Britain aided the independence of the Spanish colonies early in the nineteenth century because she insisted that every state ought to be left free to fix its own form of government, but he omits to explain that Britain's chief concern in this seemingly altruistic policy was to obtain more favorable commercial privileges from the revolting colonies than she has been able to secure from Spain. And when it comes to the mighty expansion of the British Empire since 1870, Professor Muir is strangely silent about the economic results of the Industrial Revolution—the increasing demand for raw materials and foodstuffs and for markets for surplus manufactures, the augmenting export of capital and exploitation of backward areas and backward peoples. His only reference to the greatest driving force behind all recent imperialism is his defence of "large annexations" by Britain on the ground that she had to guarantee the freedom of overseas trade against the protectionist policies of her continental rivals. But while our Liberal author makes much of liberty of trade throughout the British Empire, he neglects to enlighten us about the rôle of British colonial bureaucrats in acting as advertisers of British wares, or about the interesting reasons for the levy of an export duty on cotton goods from British India. Besides, our author, true to his Liberal convictions, makes much of the offensive militarism which enabled Russia and Germany to become imperialistic powers, and minimizes the significance of navalism in the building of the British Empire. "Sea-power," he avers, "is always weak in the offensive"—a thesis which, in the reviewer's opinion, is as erroneous as it is widespread.

If one desires a clear, scholarly, many-sided account of the expansion of Europe from the sixteenth to the twentieth century, one should not bother with Ramsay Muir's book. But if one wishes a popular readable survey of the rise of self-government in the British Empire, one will find Ramsay Muir's book useful. For an understanding of the Liberal Englishman's attitude toward modern imperialism, the book is indispensable. The Liberal and the Tory view the British Empire from different standpoints, yet both somehow catch the same impression: the beauty and grandeur and permanence of that dominion upon which the sun never sets.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

Cane

Cane, by Jean Toomer. With an Introduction by Waldo Frank. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

"READING this book," says Mr. Waldo Frank in his introduction, "I had the vision of a land, heretofore sunk in the mists of muteness, suddenly rising up into the eminence of song. . . .This book *is* the South." Not the South of the chivalrous gentleman, the fair lady, the friendly, decaying mansion, of mammies, cotton and pickaninnies. Nor yet the South of lynchings and hatreds, of the bitter, rebellious young Negro, and of his emigration to the North. Cane does not remotely resemble any of the familiar, superficial views of the South on which we have been brought up. On the contrary, Mr. Toomer's view is unfamiliar and bafflingly subterranean, the vision of a poet far more than the account of things seen by a novelist—lyric, symbolic, oblique, seldom actual.

In many respects Mr. Toomer recalls Waldo Frank. They seem curiously to coincide at their weakest points. Such sentences as these might have been written by either of them: "Dark swaying forms of Negroes are street-songs that woo virginal houses . . . Dan Moore walks southward on Thirteenth Street . . .girl eyes within him widen upward to promised faces . . . Negroes open gates and go indoors, perfectly." Such phrases mean either almost nothing, or a great deal too much. In the case of Mr. Frank they seem to contain, bottled up within them, the very essence of what he wants to say; in the case of Mr. Toomer, they are occasional, accidental, and could be brushed off without damage to the whole. While Mr. Toomer often tries for puzzling and profound effects, he accomplishes fairly well what he sets out to do, and Cane is not seething, like nearly all Mr. Frank's books, with great inexpressible things bursting to be said, and only occasionally arriving, like little bubbles to the surface of a sea of molten tar.

Cane is sharply divided into two parts. The first is a series of sketches, almost poetic in form and feeling, revolving about a character which emerges with very different degrees of clarity. The second half is a longish short story, Kabnis, quite distinct from the sketches, and peculiarly interesting. In this Mr. Toomer shows a genuine gift for character portrayal and dialogue. In the sketches, the poet is uppermost. Many of them begin with three or four lines of verse, and end with the same lines, slightly changed. The construction here is musical, too often a little artificially so. The body of the sketch tends to poetry, and to a pattern which begins to lose its effectiveness as soon as one guesses how it is coming out. The following, which is about a third of one of the sketches, is a fair sample of Mr. Toomer writing at his best:

> Her soul is like a little thrust-tailed dog that follows her, whimpering. She is large enough, I know, to find a warm spot for it. But each night when she comes home and closes the big outside storm door, the little dog is left in the vestibule, filled with chills till morning. Some one . . . eoho Jesus . . . soft as a cotton ball brushed against the milk-pod cheek of Christ, will steal in and cover it that it need not shiver, and carry it to her where she sleeps upon clean hay cut in her dreams.

It isn't necessary, to know exactly what this means in order to find pleasure in reading it. Which is one way of defining poetry. And once we begin to regard Mr. Toomer's shorter sketches as poetry, many objections to the obscurer symbolism and obliqueness of them disappear. There remains, however, a strong objection to their staccato beat. The sentences fall like small shot from a high tower. They pass from poetry into prose, and from there into Western Union.

Kabnis, the longest piece in the book, is far the most direct and most living, perhaps because it seems to have grown so much more than been consciously made. There is no pattern in it, and very little effort at poetry. And Mr. Toomer makes his Negroes talk like very real people, almost, in spots, as if he had taken down their words as they came. A strange contrast to the lyric expressionism of the shorter pieces. A real peek into the mind of the South, which, like nearly all such genuinely intimate glimpses, leaves one puzzled, and—fortunately—unable to generalize.

Cane is an interesting, occasionally beautiful and often queer book of exploration into old country and new ways of writing.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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Cleveland the Brakeman

Grover Cleveland, The Man and the Statesman. An Authorized Biography, by Robert McElroy. Two Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. $10.

NO better foreword to these volumes can be found than Mr. Kipling's recent inaugural at St. Andrews. For in Grover Cleveland we shake off the tribe and revert —Mr. Kipling would say revert—to the individual. And since each of us "has lived with himself as an individual vastly longer than he has lived with himself under tribal conditions," the primitive man in us swells "the extravagant praise awarded to individuals for telling the truth," acclaims the President of a great nation who incorporated as well as summoned "the courage that attacks single-handed, without counting opposing numbers or measuring opposing forces."

This embodiment of independence emerged, not merely as Mr. Kipling foresaw from "shaving in cold water at seven o'clock the year round," but from taking his bath in the village watering-trough in the Fayetteville marketplace and returning for his coat to a room sans carpet, sans picture, sans wall-paper. And when a little later he lived over his law office instead of over his employer's store, he hung over his bed an illuminated motto of his own devising. "It represented the allegorical figures of Life, Duty and Death, underneath which was inscribed the motto, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' 'If I have any coat of arms,' he once remarked, 'it is that.'"

He came from a Puritan home and he worshipped the Puritan God, Duty. When he saw Death advancing on him, he sent home for a worn boyhood hymnal; when Death reached him, he said, "I have tried so hard to do right." When he left the presidency, it was declared by Mr. Woodrow Wilson that there was nothing of the Puritan about him; but what is playing cribbage for new dimes compared with these moving sentences that send us all for our hymnals: "There is a high and unseen Power that guides the weak efforts of man. I feel it all the time and somehow I have come to expect that I shall find the path of duty and right if I honestly and patriotically go on my way. I should be afraid to allow a bad, low, motive to find lodgment in my mind, for I should know I should then stumble and go astray." And almost at sundown: "In the work of public life, God has never failed to clearly make known to me the path of duty." It is as though we were reading the letters of John Winthrop, when we come upon the sentence about "the sanctification which comes to a man through marriage" or upon the one thing for which he envied McKinley, "the presence of his mother at his inauguration," or upon the time, when he retired defeated from his first term as President to find "that he had just entered the real world" and that there was "in a small child more value than I have ever called my own."

Socrates, who in some vital aspects anticipated the Puritans, declared that his Demon confined itself to prohibitions. Cleveland's Duty also dealt almost exclusively in negatives. He was a noble brakeman. He was always stopping something. The Veto Mayor is one of Mr. McElroy's apt chapter-headings. Veto Governor he was too—we remember the famous five-cent fare bill. As President he remained true to his veto hatchet, striking down 108 pension bills, until he exchanged it for the sturdier injunction axe. With that he could fell a whole forest at a blow. His foreign policy was analogous to his domestic. You can see his veto hatchet working as he "Blocks Manifest Destiny in Hawaii" or as he keeps Germany out of Samoa. But when England encroaches on Venezuela he drops the hatchet and gets out the injunction axe, with that special edge used on foreigners, called the Monroe Doctrine. Certainly no national policy has ever so fitted in the hands of a national hero as the Monroe Doctrine in Cleveland's. Mr. Hughes, indeed, who is himself a pocket-edition of Mr. Cleveland with gilt edges, has just taken pains to inform us that "it would not be entirely correct to say that the doctrine is merely negative . . . But the doctrine is a principle of exclusion." Whatever this exercise in logomachy may mean, the Monroe Doctrine is a congenial Cleveland instrument; it is an international injunction. Even the tariff, for whose reduction he "threw away the presidency"—a tremendous denial, that interested him because "whenever a tax is unnecessary, it is unjustifiable." As Mr. McElroy explains, "It was not the tariff to which he objected but tariff in excess of the needs of the government." To his Puritan soul, "reduction" appealed much more than "free trade." His most dramatic service to his country was his setting his face like a flint against compulsory purchase of silver and the financial vagaries of Bryan, "the acrobat." That required magnificent courage but it was essentially brakeman's service. He wanted to get out—of Samoa, Hawaii—or to stay out—of Indian reservations, of Cuba, of European entanglements. When in 1898 his former Secretary, Mr. Olney, derided America's "rôle of a sort of international recluse," he held him "largely responsible for imperialism." No noble outstanding modern career makes it as clear as Cleveland's that Puritan love of independence gravitates toward negationism. That was the reason, indeed, why he deliberately chose the Democratic party. Repelled by "the fuss and feathers" of the Fremont candidacy, he settled into a party that would beat off gaudy encroachments on the individual's reservation. The biography is punctuated by sayings like: "True Democracy has constantly taught conservatism. It defends . . ."

The imps of Fate apparently mistook this man, who had "done all to stand," for a marble statue of the Negative Mood. So they sat on his quill and sent the Wilson-Gorman tariff act to the statute book without his signature. They flocked to the bench of the Supreme Court and cajoled five of the nine justices to negative the income-tax as too positive to be artistically fitting. All the last years of his life they compelled him to "watch the game from the side-lines" of the Princeton campus, growling like a chained tiger as they dangled before him on the one hand McKinley, the protectionist and expansionist, and on the other the silver-tongued and silver-crazed Mr. Bryan. And statuesque, indeed, is the sentence with which, on his final retirement from the presidency, he negatived a projected article of a friend, "Since I have done my duty as I saw it, I feel that I need no defence."

Mr. McElroy has written his "authorized biography" under the spell of these words. It is neither eulogy nor defence. It is straight-forward narration—at times more succinct than lucid. Criticism is by no means absent though, properly, rather implied than expressed. There are thirty pages of sources—one still notices omissions—and eleven of index. Not a single misprint mars the handsome volumes. Like their subject, they are a monument of restraint.

A. W. VERNON.

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A Modern Jester

Fancies versus Fads, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

THERE is a tradition about the public jester that illuminates Mr. G. K. Chesterton's life and literary career: the tradition that the jester has a tragic rôle. This is usually taken to mean that the jester has suffered some personal misfortune which he hides by playing with his bladder and his bauble, like the clown in Andreyev's He; but the true sense of the tradition is that the jester is very often a man of high talents who has been forced to sacrifice his full development in order to expose the shams and stupidities of those who for the moment happen to occupy the chairs of the mighty. The jester, to put it curtly, plays the fool in order to keep his masters from being fools, and in this fashion all the historic jesters have been journalists: sufficient unto their day is the evil thereof.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is a modern jester. If one is tempted to reproach him for having wasted his abilities, for having used in a street battle the stones that might have gone into a house, one must remember the jester's tragic dilemma. It is not Mr. Chesterton's frivolity but his seriousness that has cast him for this rôle. We have lost the complete development of his mind because, every day, he has been forced to "give us a piece of it."

The animus of Mr. Chesterton's office is just the opposite to that of the satirist; for the satirist flays mankind for not coming within sight of the humane ideals of its sages and saints, whereas the jester corrects the professional bias of superior men by showing how far they depart from the level of mankind. This bias towards the common level is so strong in Mr. Chesterton that he occasionally is the victim of vulgar associations which have no substantial basis in our common humanity; he hardly ever refers to a Jew without implying patly that most Jews are usurers, or to a pacifist without indicating that pacifists are cranks. The tendency of Mr. Chesterton's mind to cling to stereotyped images of Jews, Pacifists, Vegetarians, Feminists, and the like is matched by the fatiguing iteration of his style: all the qualifications and refinements of honest thinking are lopped off in order to fit the rigorous frame of his puns and antitheses. After one reads twenty pages of Mr. Chesterton's prose one knows too well the beat and rhythm of his mind: it has the deadly quality of the heroic couplet as it was used by Pope. The result is that what, perhaps, is only a shallowness of presentation takes on the appearance of a shallowness of thought.

When one has pointed to the tragic sacrifice Mr. Chesterton has made by taking on the salutary duties of the jester, one has distinguished between the accidental and the inherent defects of his work, and opened the way for an appreciation of the capital manner in which he continues to perform his task. Fancies versus Fads has not, it is true, the imaginative touches of the earlier essays: rarely does Mr. Chesterton step out of his uniform now to make personal excursions like those which resulted in the essay on telegraph poles or on a piece of chalk: but his sallies against the weaker aspects of modernism have all the heartiness of his first efforts, and even when his position is most frankly reactionary it has the merit of serving as a useful counterpoise and balance. One may question Mr. Chesterton's services as an ally; but there is no doubt about his merits as an opponent. He makes one think twice about one's easiest convictions, whether they happen to be on the utility of divorce or on the beneficence of modern methods in education.

The things which Mr. Chesterton stands for have been fixed as landmarks in his mind ever since he described What's Wrong with the World. He believes in a Christian culture, in an economic society of peasant proprietors, and in a tissue of social relations knit together by the independence and sanctity of the individual family. It follows that he rejects many of the dubious triumphs of industrial civilization, that he resists the Servile State, and that he valiantly contends for the right of the poor and landless man to mind his own business, unimproved and unimpeded by the ministrations of his "betters." Without William Cobbett's intimate knowledge of the soil, Mr. Chesterton is a Cobbett at one remove. Had he come from a peasant family, or had he been able to establish the same intimacy with rural life that A. E. effected in Ireland, Mr. Chesterton would not have been forced to pour so much energy and time into his Tremendous Trifles. As I implied at the beginning, he was cut out for bigger things.

"How many works there are which, though having no absolute value, have had in their time and in consequence of established prejudices a serious importance." This observation of M. Renan's is both a criticism and an appreciation of G. K. Chesterton's work. Leaving aside one or two achievements like The Napoleon of Notting Hill, it places the bulk of Mr. Chesterton's writings in due relation to the age. If another generation finds itself unable to enjoy Chesterton, they will perhaps have him to thank for being able to enjoy anything else. . . . But alas! that the praise of Mr. Chesterton should be frozen in the mould of his own paradox!

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